ARCHIBALD MacLEISH: *Gorky the Artisan*

AUGUST 4, 1936 15c

New Masses

Steel's G.O.P. Vigilantes

MARGUERITE YOUNG

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Police Photos Vindicate Mooney

ROBERT HOLMES and BRUCE MINTON

★

Devil's Dictionary a la Hearst

H. L. STONE

ROBERT FORSYTHE **R. PALME DUTT**

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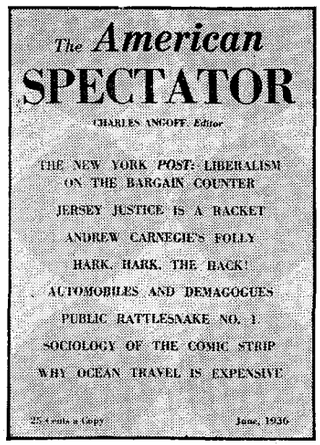
The AMERICAN SPECTATOR



THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR, in the past few months, has made journalistic history with its brilliant analysis of the Fascist tendencies in "March of Time," its exposé of the phony progressivism of Roy Howard of the Scripps-Howard papers, its blast against the oatmealy and irrelevant ideas of "Alvin Johnson: Rugged Vacuum," leader of the New School for Social Research, and, only last month, its truly sensational article on The New York Post: "Liberalism on the Bargain Counter."

Now, in the current (August) issue, on sale at all newsstands for 25c a copy, THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR follows up its previous beats with a most enlightening analysis of the

Friends of WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

The article presents, for the first time anywhere, a full list of the hundreds of people who have visited Hearst at his San Simeon palace for more than a year. The general character of the San Simeon guests throws a fresh and highly interesting light upon the life of America's Fascist No. 1. Readers of the New Masses will find the article particularly suited to their interests, and so will all others who have joined in the world-wide struggle against war and fascism.

"Friends of William Randolph Hearst" is only one of the many exciting, scholarly and revealing articles in the July issue of THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR. Some of the others are:

THE MUNITIONS MAKERS TRIUMPH
By Frank C. Hanighen

RADIO VS. CIVIL LIBERTIES
By Minna F. Kassner & Lucien Zacharoff

STREAMLINING THE AUTO UNIONS
By Charles Packer

MONKEY BUSINESS in the TELEPHONE CO.
By Hy Kravif

BROADCAST ON ETHIOPIA
By Langston Hughes

TIME EXPOSURES
By Alfred Kreymborg

THE HIGHER LAWLESSNESS: PROTECTIVE CUSTODY
By Leonard B. Boudin

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New Masses

AUGUST 4, 1936

Ventriloquist's Dummy

IN THE early days of his candidacy, Governor Landon's backers hailed him as the Kansas Coolidge. Now that he has spoken, we know why. With the exception of a few ominously significant paragraphs, Landon's acceptance speech was the most vacuous address made by a presidential figure since the days of Silent Cal. It was a performance filled with banalities and vague to the point of fogginess. In the event of Republican victory, the government is to be restored "to an efficient as well as constitutional basis." The people have a right "to have their greatest public service enterprise—their government—well administered." International disputes must be adjusted "in accordance with law, equity, and justice." The Social Security Act would be all right if Landon were given a chance to "make it workable." The AAA must be replaced with a program "that is economically and socially right." "We will handle public funds as a public trust."

Nevertheless, through all the murk there sounded more than once the unmistakable accents of San Simeon. And these were the sections of the speech to be remembered. Landon did not say how he would make the Social Security Act "workable," but he made it plain that neither social security nor relief would be a burden to the rich if he were elected. Speaking as "the average American," he cautioned his audience, "Let us not be misled by those who tell us that others will be made to carry the burden for us." And he gave "complete adherence" to a platform which pledges its candidates to administer social security out of funds raised by "a direct tax widely distributed."

Landon accepted "the grave problem of caring for the unemployed," but here, too, he would not tax the rich to solve it. "We must be freed from excessive expenditures and crippling taxation." Where will the money for Landon's relief program come from? Or perhaps it will not require money, but only the unhampered workings of "a free competitive system."

SITUATION EUROPEENNE — *Daumier*

Even more the ventriloquist's dummy was Mr. Landon when he held forth on labor. Here the National Association of Manufacturers fairly shouted Landon's support of the "right" of labor to belong to company unions—"without interference from any source." Landon's pretense that he is for giving labor its choice of union forms in each instance is hollow and meaningless. In the eyes of the National Association, and of all reactionaries, "interference" means any attempt on the part of labor to unionize a plant or industry. Here, then, was Landon's one unequivocal stand: he is out to knife the closed shop. He has thrown down the gauntlet to labor.

22nd Anniversary

AUGUST 4—the date of this issue of the NEW MASSES—marks the twenty-second anniversary of the World War. Some of our readers were born after the guns which began booming in Belgium shattered a world so completely that many of us know it only by hearsay, like ancient Egypt or classic Greece. But even those who know only from books how millions of men were murdered for private profit have lived to see the aftermath of the imperialist conflict; they have been themselves victims of an economic crisis whose godfather was one world war, whose son may well be another. In 1914 barbarism and death swept a world which once more stands in the shadow of barbarism and death.

But the war unleashed other forces, too. Out of its raging hell came creation: the October Revolution established socialism over one-sixth of the globe as an inspiration to the other five-sixths. War assumes new meaning when the opposing forces so clearly represent a conflict between barbarism and civilization. Every schoolboy

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knows how serious is the danger of a second world war, how frightful the bloodshed will be. Every honest man wishes to prevent it if possible; every thinking man knows who the culprits are. Nothing in the spring of 1914 approached the shameless aggression of Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, imperialist Japan, all three bent upon solving the insoluble crisis of a decaying capitalist economy by an assault upon countries anxious to preserve peace. But in proportion as the forces of darkness are more brazen and more ruthless in their aggression, the forces of progress and peace, learning at last the bitter lessons of the past twenty-two years, have seen the imperative need for unity if mankind is to be spared that universal slaughter which fascism wishes to bring down upon it.

Jim-Crow Judge

SITTING on the bench at Lancaster, Pa., Judge Benjamin C. Atlee, of the Lancaster County Court, told a Negro defendant: "It is no credit to the people of Columbia [Pa.] that they allowed you to be here in court today. Had they lynched you they would have been justified. I say that although I am sitting here to administer justice. It is most fortunate for you that this offense occurred north of the Mason-Dixon line. No court has to bother with cases of your kind south of that line."

It remained for two Negro members of Pennsylvania's House of Representatives to press for Atlee's impeachment. Judging from the type of testimony being taken by the House committee considering the charges, there is not much hope that this advocate of lawlessness will be asked to step down from the bench. At a committee hearing on July 21, Atlee did not deny that he had been accurately quoted as above. But the judge is not obliged to testify against himself, and the witnesses so far summoned have failed to recall any inflammatory remarks—or at least any inflammatory intentions. Said one witness, a former district attorney: "Although Judge Atlee said, 'Had they lynched you they would have been justified,' I am satisfied from the depths of my heart that he does not approve of lynching."

Regardless of what is in the depths of his heart, Judge Atlee has incited to violence. He has explicitly endorsed lynching. The people of Pennsylvania must demand of their Legislature that it demonstrate swiftly and drastically to Judge Atlee that his perverted views are not their views and that he is in no way qualified to sit in judgment.

Iturbi and Spain

THE first statement to the press by Jose Iturbi, the Spanish pianist and orchestra leader, is an example of the confusion the artist falls into who tries to preserve an ivory-tower isolation. Frightened by the spectacle of disorder and bloodshed in his country—although it was precipitated by the Fascists—he called for a dictator who would impose order. In essence his statement was a libel upon his people, and a slander upon art. Nothing could be more ludicrous and offensive than his likening of the collaboration between a conductor and the musicians in his orchestra, to the relationship between a dictator and an oppressed people. The American League Against War and Fascism made a swift answer to this defamation of democracy and culture. Iturbi, challenged by it, betrayed his confusion. He confessed his incompetence to speak politically. He revealed that he had refused to play in Germany and had participated in benefit concerts for Jews. But his sympathies are still Rightist. His retraction is not satisfactory: it is to be hoped, however, that it will be a step in the political self-education that Señor Iturbi so clearly needs.

The following cablegram from the League of American Writers, in which the editors of the NEW MASSES were glad to participate, has been sent to André Malraux, the great French novelist, who has just arrived in Madrid: "You bring with you to democratic Spain the good wishes of the writers of France. Convey also to the defenders of democracy and culture the good wishes of the writers of America."

Open Switch Ahead!

INDUSTRIALISTS never seem to mind the social wastefulness of the competitive system until it ceases to be profitable. When that point is reached they suddenly become so obsessed with the larger efficiency that nothing less than a rich sacrifice is in order. Today it is the railroads that find themselves duplicating each other's efforts, to the consequent loss of profits all around. Hence the move for co-ordination, the elimination of excess terminals, track, and facilities. But these physical properties are merely the trimmings for the sacrificial altar. The real burnt offering to Efficiency will be the quarter of a million railroad workers who stand to lose their jobs through the prospective changes.

When Congress allowed the Emergency Transportation Act to expire last June, it brought to an end the prohibition against dismissing employes in connection with consolidation projects. To take its place, Congress offered the Wheeler-Crosser bill, which would have permitted such wholesale dismissals, but with compensation. The railroads balked at the wage-dismissal provision and cut up such a row that the Administration found it advisable to step into the breach. President Roosevelt succeeded in effecting a compromise by which compensation was retained on a somewhat lower scale.

There is no longer a federal office for co-ordinating transportation, but the plans prepared by Co-ordinator Eastman are scheduled to be put into operation. More than 5,000 recommendations were worked out, and while not much is likely to be done before the elections, the ax is likely to fall shortly thereafter. Banks are expected to bring pressure for consolidations and economies, with the encouragement of the government. The wage-dismissal agreement — accepted for labor against the judgment of its progressive elements by George M. Harrison, president of the Railway Labor Executives Association — provides a scale ranging up to one year's pay for employes in service fifteen years or more, with an optional scale of part-salary payments ranging up to 60 percent of regular salaries for a period of 60 months.

In no sense can this be regarded as a satisfactory solution to the problem. In the first place, many of the men realize that this means permanent retirement—on a maximum of one year's salary. Secondly, railroad labor does not want enforced idleness with compensation. It wants jobs. And finally, far more than the workers will be drastically affected by consolidations. Railroad co-ordination means that scores of communities dependent on railroad payrolls will be left destitute.

Lodges of the twenty-one standard railroad unions are forming local com-

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mittees throughout the country to combat the dire threat implicit in co-ordination. It is to the advantage of farmers and small-town tradesmen everywhere to back them in their demands that men displaced through "economies" be returned to service through introduction of the six-hour day at present wages; that the dismissal-wage agreement be revised to allow compensation until re-employment; and that the government take steps to retard rather than advance the calamity that threatens them. It will take united action to keep workers from being sacrificed to railroad dividends in the name of efficiency.

Chiang's Chance

CHEN CHI-TANG, commander of the Kwantung Army, has fled to Hongkong, and the Canton government has collapsed. These events seemingly indicate that Canton's demands upon Nanking to initiate a war of national liberation against Japan have been frustrated.

Bribery played its part, to be sure. More important, however, is the failure of Chen Chi-tang to overcome the liabilities of his own militarist background. He did not develop his forces politically to the point where they could conduct a successful national revolutionary war. Had Chen done what he asked Nanking to do, had he given free play to the national feelings of Canton's millions, had he permitted the full development of anti-Japanese sentiment among the workers, peasants, and soldiers in his province, the "silver bullets" would not have been so grave in their effect.

Chiang Kai-shek has always contended that he needed the province of Kwantung in order to resist Japanese aggression. Now he has Kwantung, the traditional base of modern Chinese revolutionary history. He may try one of two paths. He may seek to crush the liberal forces of Kwantung and Kwangsi as he has done in all other provinces under his control; or he may allow the spirit of national liberation full play. If he tries the first, he is not likely to succeed. Anti-Japanese feeling in Kwantung and Kwangsi is too strong. Unless Chiang Kai-shek responds to the popular demand for resistance to Japanese aggression, he may well lose his power in China.

End the Black Legion!

DEGENERACY is one of fascism's characteristics everywhere. You are shocked, but you should not be surprised, when you read trigger-man Dean's confession that five members of the Black Legion in Michigan lured a Negro hod carrier to a lonely swamp and shot him to death "just for the hell of it."

But it would be a mistake to imagine that the Black Legion is nothing more than a collection of half-wits, psychopaths, and sadists. That was the mistake many people made about the Nazis prior to 1933. The Black Legion is a political organization, armed and directed by fascist-minded reactionaries who know what they want. Its horrible record speaks for itself. So far the Legion has been definitely implicated in five murders. Evidence of its complicity in eight other murders is steadily accumulating. Seven cases of Black Legion flogging are known. So are five instances of violent threats which were nearly carried out. Three cases of arson and three bombings are known to be the work of the Legion. So are three cold-blooded plans to murder citizens. The fascist nature of the Legion is indicated by the majority of its victims: trade unionists, a Communist, a Negro, a Catholic, farmers.

With all the evidence at hand, why does the federal government hesitate to investigate and prosecute this criminal band of fascists?

There are at least six federal laws which make it mandatory upon the Department of Justice to go after the Black Legion. These laws prohibit (1) night riding; (2) kidnapping persons from one state to another; (3) threatening communication between states; (4) moving from one state to another to avoid prosecution for a felony or to avoid giving testimony; (5) interference with Federal Relief Administration; (6) fraudulently obtaining federal aid given to rifle clubs.

The International Labor Defense has submitted the facts to Attorney-General Cummings. It has cited instances of Black Legion terror which come under one of the six laws enumerated above. It has submitted evidence to show that local authorities are incompetent to deal with the situation even in its intrastate aspects because of the political power wielded by the Legion over local officials.

It is up to the federal government to act, and it is up to progressives throughout the country to see that the federal government does act to halt the monstrous floggings and murders of the Black Legion.

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The Meaning of Spain

FASCISM is going down in defeat, the most crushing defeat which has yet been inflicted upon it, before the boundless heroism of the aroused Spanish people led by the People's Front.

The anti-fascist victory is all the more significant because the reaction had no mean array of military force at its disposal. The corps of trained officers went along with it, and out of unreasoned obedience a portion of the army followed. The reactionaries had the Foreign Legion, well equipped, mercenary to the core. In the North it was joined by deluded peasants from the province of Navarre, a focal point of medieval obscurantism.

But fascism's road was blocked. The popular militia, with Communists, Socialists, and Syndicalist workers as its backbone, sprang into action. Even Civil Guards and Assault Guards felt the impact of the people's hatred for fascism, and held ranks against the coup. The crews of government battleships overpowered their traitorous officers. Most of the air force stood with the Republic. The offensive which the fascists assumed in Morocco did not long remain with them. After rapidly dominating attempted insurrection in the garrisons of Madrid and Barcelona, Republican forces passed over to a siege of centers held by the reactionary troops. Repelling the march of the monarchist forces from the north, headed by General Mola, the defenders of Madrid advanced to encircle and isolate them in the region of Burgos. Generals Mola and Franco may still protract the state of civil war; but their fate was sealed from the moment the armed masses, summoned by the People's Front, established themselves as the Republic's first line of defense.

Pitted against each other today are the champions of feudal and capitalist reaction—monarchist, fascist, and clerical in their outlook—and the champions of progress, the working-class parties, and their democratic middle-class allies of town and countryside. This clash has been in progress with great intensity since the advent of the present Republic in April, 1931. Since then the Spanish masses have fashioned out of their experience the political instrument which is now proving its full worth—the People's Front, a coalition of labor and middle-class groups and parties united for anti-fascist action.

Spain saw a coalition of a different type in April, 1931. Then, a governmental bloc of Republicans and Socialists came into power. Under the pretext of remaining within the bounds of "legality," that government failed to carry through the social reforms so long overdue in Spain. The land hunger of the peasantry was not appeased. Monarchists and clericals remained entrenched in the armed forces and the government bureaucracy. Troops massacred the peasants who pressed for agrarian reform. Laws restricting civil rights were passed, laws which were to be used against the Socialists themselves by subsequent reactionary governments. Widespread disillusionment with the "Second Republic" set in, and the monarchist and clerical parties triumphed in the elections of November, 1933.

In October, 1934, the working class rose in armed insurrection against the continued rule of the arch-reactionaries Gil Robles and Alejandro Lerroux. It was defeated, but not before the miners of Asturias had held power for some fifteen days and stirred the entire world by their bravery. The October defeat held many lessons for the anti-fascist cause. The disunity of the working class had not been fully overcome. Furthermore, the workers did not avail themselves of peasant support or that of the progressive national movements such as those in Catalonia and Euzkadi.

Subsequently the growth of popular anti-fascist sentiment, favored by unity between the Left Socialists and the Communist Party, proved strong enough to thwart the government's plans for wholesale execution of revolutionaries and Republicans seized in October.

In May, 1935, the Communist Party proposed the formation of a People's Front to include Communists, Socialists, Syndicalists, and Republicans. The People's Front in Spain was finally constituted as the People's Bloc and attained such power that it carried the elections of February, 1936, and placed a Left Republican government in office.

The electoral victory of the People's Bloc did not, however, eliminate the reaction. The fascists were aware that the People's Bloc was moving inexorably toward the expropriation of the grandees and the church, depriving the reaction of its material base; they sensed an impending democratization of the army and the dissolution of the fascist organizations. Devoid of mass sympathy, they turned their attention to a putsch to prevent these democratic measures from being consummated.

Despite the fact that it enjoyed the confidence of the masses which had given it a mandate to disarm the reaction, the Left Republican government failed to utilize its five months in office to sufficient advantage. True, amnesty was achieved for the victims of October; faltering efforts were made toward speeding land distribution and labor legislation; but the government was extremely loath to proceed against the fascist command in the armed forces. Nor was sufficient energy used against the private armed organizations of the fascists. Within the People's Bloc there were already those who counseled a rupture with the Republicans. But the Spanish Communists, while criticizing the government for its hesitation, called for the strengthening of the People's Bloc; they worked tirelessly to establish the local bodies of the People's Bloc, to build the popular militias and to create local bodies of worker-peasant unity, the Workers' and Peasants' Alliances. With the fascist coup in the offing, the Communists warned against those who would have deprived the working class of its Republican allies by discarding the People's Bloc.

It wasn't long before this stand was vindicated. General Franco seized Morocco July 17. The fascists might have been successful had they not encountered the People's Bloc.

While defending the Republic against fascism, the masses have been armed; the seeds of popular government have been planted in the localities. And now, as the resistance of the insurrectionists shows signs of crumbling, Spain prepares to go speedily forward toward the completion of the democratic revolution and the elimination of all vestiges of feudalism.

For us in America events in Spain have left one thing incontestably clear: middle-class groups can hope to safeguard democratic rights from their reactionary violators only by joining forces with the labor movement in a People's Front.

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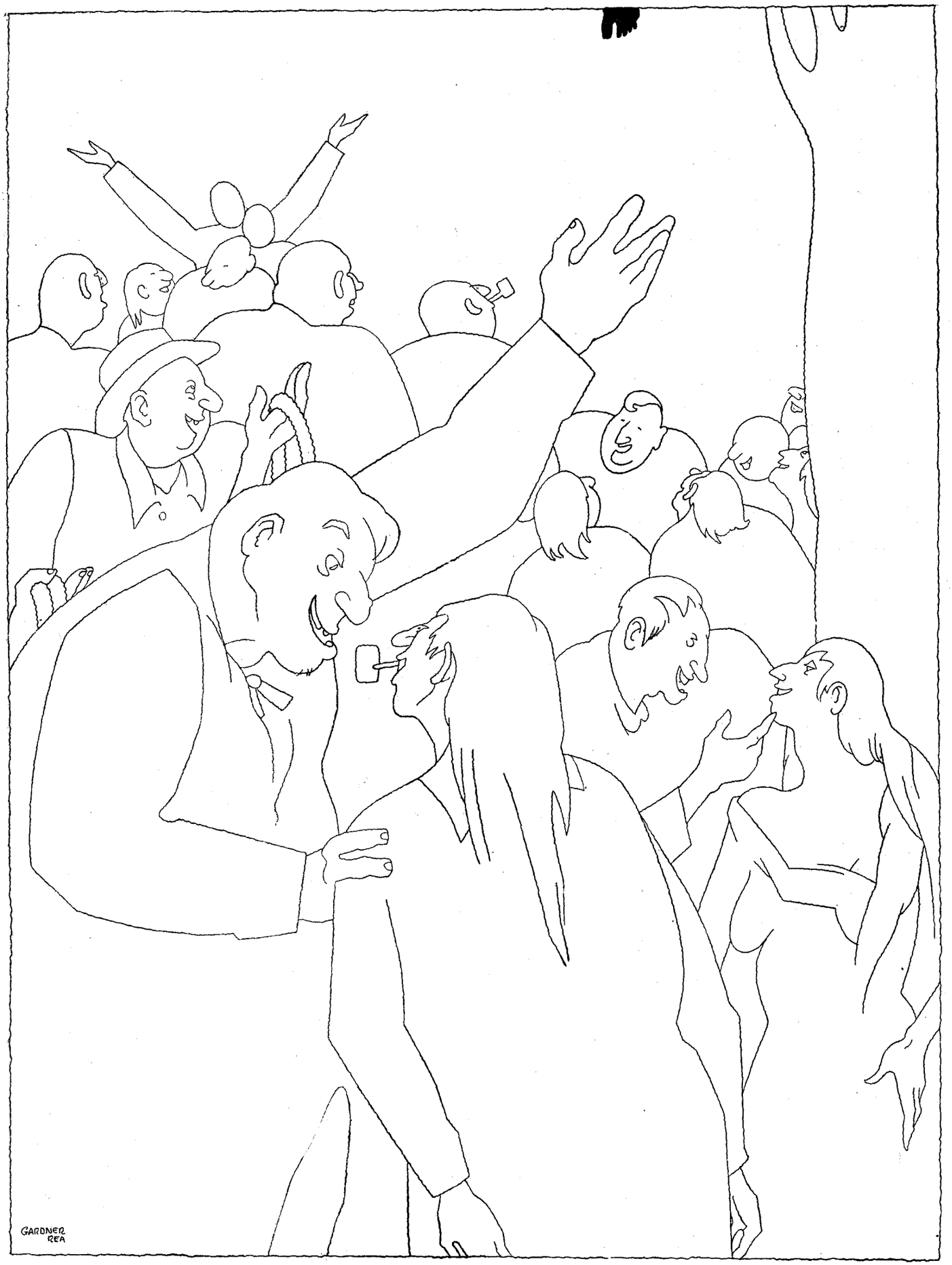

"HELL, THIS AIN'T SADISM, IT'S FUN!" *Gardner Rea*

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Strength Through Joy

ROBERT FORSYTHE

WHAT will be distressing to the hosts and a source of regret to the visiting nations are the restrictions which will prevent the German participation in the Olympics from reaching the peak of competitive effectiveness. When the pleas for funds for the American team were being made, it was a matter of patriotism to refrain from pointing out that the home boys might make the long trip without really coming to grips with the soul of Germania in sport. The reception of the athletes from the United States will be as warm as Herr Hitler can make it, but modesty and the inherent instincts of a gentleman will prevent him from reminding the visitors that while they may feel that the sight of Jesse Owens stirring up dust for an Aryan world to contemplate can be regarded as an indication of his speed, his victory will in no sense be a comparative test of American and Germanic prowess. Just as the Scottish people have a sport known as tossing the caber and the Japanese have jiujitsu and hara-kiri, contests which are extremely popular in their own countries but not generally known elsewhere, the Germans also have sporting events which are indigenous to the country and in which they are supreme. A few of these follow:

1. *Running the Gauntlet.* This race is limited to Jews over sixty and is extremely popular throughout Germany. Perhaps its chief attraction for the participants is the range of prizes possible and the number of entrants allowed. The participants are divided into victims and contestants, with the course being of such length as to permit full enjoyment by all participants and a fair test for the victims. The victims are lined up at one end of a public square and the utmost caution is taken to see that an equal start is given. At the crack of a gun, the victims begin running between the lines of participants. Judges are stationed at various points along the course because of the intricate nature of the scoring. There are points to be won by participants for spitting in the face, both for accuracy and distance. Blows upon the bodies of the victims are scored both for precision and deadliness. A clever piece of tripping is rewarded highly. A wound on the head of a victim which brings blood is more highly regarded than one which may later lead to serious results but which is not immediately apparent. Prodding with long sticks is examined both for effectiveness and superior technique. Not only does the sport allow hundreds to take part, but it can be watched by other thousands who may enjoy its gayety and high fun.

In a recent meet at Munich, it is reported that the spirits of the contestants reached such a height that the judges forgot their duties and began participating. The sounds of the blows thudding upon the bodies of the victims was mingled with the cheers of the spectators and quite upset the officials. They refused of course to accept any of the prizes, despite their effectiveness, and were reproached mildly but officially by the manager of the meet, who could scarcely restrain his chuckles long enough for the presentation ceremonies which followed. On the side of the victims, the prizes are select if not so plentiful. The victims arriving at the end of the gauntlet alive are allowed their choice of concentration camps. One may imagine the intensity of the competition.

2. *Wielding the Truncheon.* Open to Communists, Socialists, Trade Union leaders, Jews, Catholics, and Pacifists. The popularity of this event has reached tremendous proportions, with meets being held all over Germany. Restricted exclusively to members of concentration camps, participants are selected equally for their strength and for their weakness. The competition is carried out with great formality. The victims are brought into the arena, handed whips and lengths of rubber hose, and ordered to beat one another. The stronger of the victims invariably refuse to beat their friends. The task is then turned over to the weaker victims, who have previously been beaten by the contestants and are now competing for their freedom. The victim who turns in the most complete job of flogging is promised his release. Great amusement is caused the spectators by the inability of many of the victims to swing the truncheons with energy. Their feeble efforts are aided by the Storm Troopers, who act as contestants and wage a stiff competition for prizes. Upon encountering a sturdy victim who is not brought down by the weight of blows from his fellow victims, points are scored by Storm Troopers who are then given the privilege of swinging the whips and clubs. A sudden kill—that is, a blow which fells the victim with one stroke—is marked as perfect and brings forth great enthusiasm from the spectators. Points are scored according to the physical status of the victim and the technique of the contestant. The spectators are kept amused throughout the contest, with a fine spirit of comradeship being maintained between the contestants and the crowd, but the high moment comes at the end when the victim who has best beaten his associates is called before the tribunal to receive his reward. As he stands before the judge, he is felled from behind by a blow aimed by the winning contestant.

3. *Running Low Jump.* For Storm Troopers who are unable to gain admittance to the Olympic Stadium, this would have been the most stirring of all, but with only one other nation ready to compete it is hardly likely it will appear even on a belated list of events. This takes place from a police station and may be viewed by thousands in the streets. Its simpler version, well played in Cuba, is *ley de fuga,* but that has none of the intricate variations which have made the running low jump so popular in Germany. It consists of hurling victims through the windows of the station house. If they are alive when they fall, they are then shot from the windows of the building by entrants standing behind barred gratings. It is easy to see the amount of skill necessary for this because it not only requires strength to hurl a body, even a dead body, through a window, but in the case of vigorous victims who are not killed immediately, there is the problem of marksmanship. The judges must necessarily be the keenest of experts for this event. If there had been time, it would have been possible to bring the crack Cuban team playing Arrested-While-Trying-to-Escape, but this is a pastime requiring little else but hardness of mind and a steady aim. There is little suspense once the guns are turned on the victim. The important missing team, however, is the Brazilian contingent, who have made an enviable reputation in South America at the running low jump and could possibly have given the Germans strenuous competition. The technique of the sport has seemingly reached a high point in Brazil, but without seeing the two leading teams in action it would be impossible to compare them. The fact that no victims are ever left might seem to show the effectiveness of the teams, but that is no point unless one knows with what finesse and dispatch such results were accomplished.

With their usual sense of dignity, it is unlikely that the Germans will refer to these particular forms of sport in which they so greatly excel. To do so at this late day and without giving rival nations a chance to furnish trained teams of their own, would be distinctly unfair. The loss to exports will be great and unless tours can be arranged to outlying districts where the games are being played despite the official order to refrain from such forms of national pride in the presence of distinguished visitors who may feel a sense of envy and inferiority, it is entirely possible that thousands of Americans will have made the trip to Berlin without seeing Germany at its best.

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MARGUERITE YOUNG

ALIQUIPPA, PA.

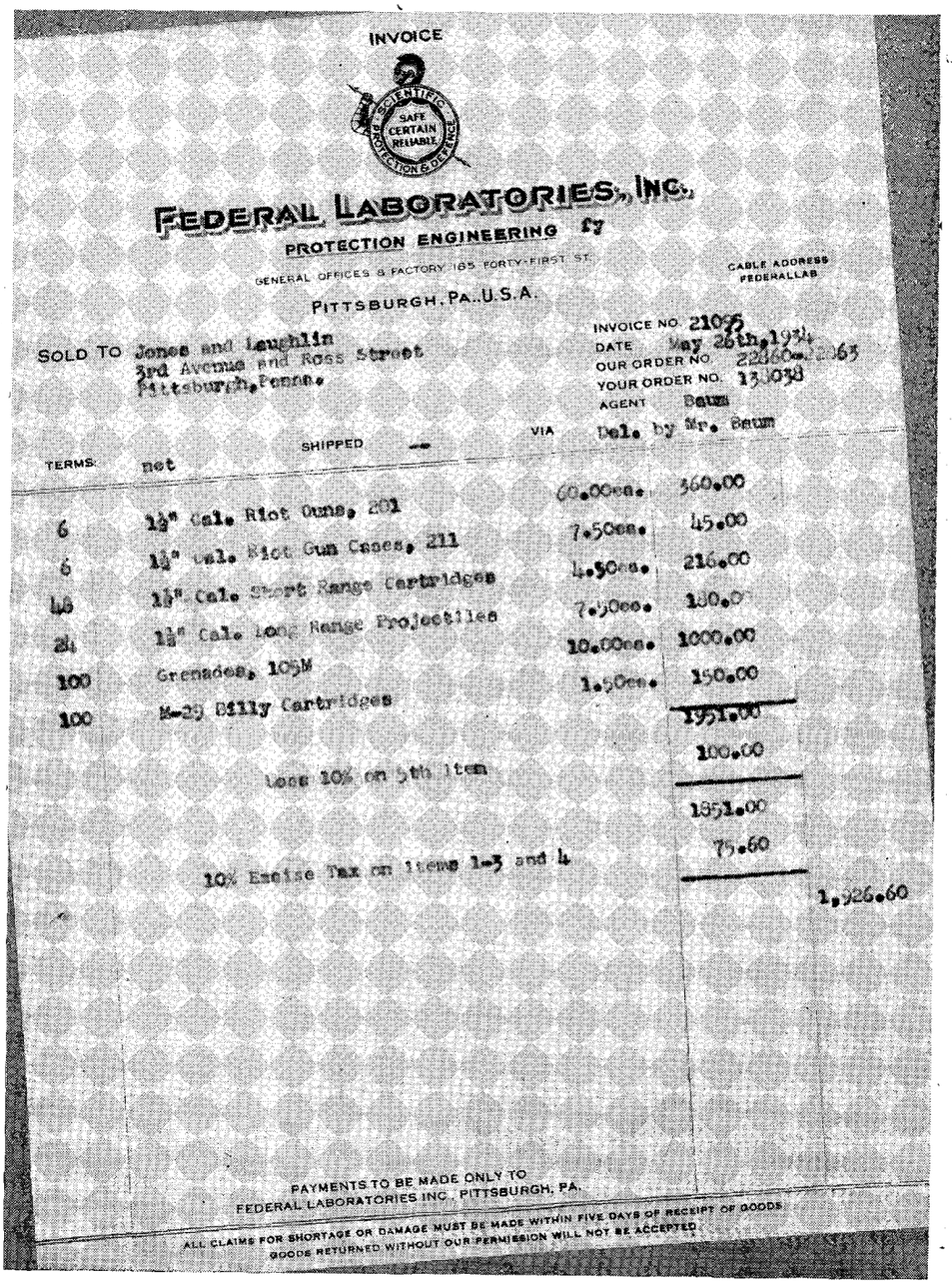
SITTING alone for over an hour before a vigilante leader, I heard from his own lips how he organized the secret gang, with the vice-president of Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation personally participating in the preliminaries. The terror general himself is one of those typical best-citizen viceroys—director of a bank in which steel officials own stock, public office holder in the local government, and official head of the Republican Party in this, the $60,000,000 company's sacred and sinister borough. On Page One of the Aliquippa *Gazette*, published by the same gentleman vigilante, his anonymous followers are openly inciting violence, in particular against John L. Lewis and in general against all steel workers joining the union. Bloodshed is what they invite. And in case of a strike? No, not at all. *Now!* This hour of *organizing* is for them "this hour of strife."

Vigilanteism is but the latest and extremest expression of the raw absolutism of the masters in a center which, above all others I have visited thus far, Hitler ought to envy most. Traditionally, Aliquippa is tough, a spot to single out as such even in the all-round tough territory of Steel. Here in 1933 was mobilized and deputized a steel-helmet phalanx that swept across the bridge to the neighboring city of Ambridge to end a strike by a rain of lead from their Tommy-guns, killing one and wounding scores. After that Aliquippa came to be known as a place where you never saw a smile. Here you understand why the greatest obstacle to unity is something which seems to blow out of the mill stacks with the black smoke and to drift like a noxious, paralyzing vapor: fear. And yet, just here in Aliquippa, you witness simultaneously, to a degree that fills the mind with wonder at the human capacity for it, that other product of oppression: courage. Here more dramatically than elsewhere I saw the mass moving, slowly but with the inexorable certainty of an avalanche. I saw twenty-five hundred men and women meet and *laugh* at the tyrant's slanderous threats. Union leaders, with inexhaustible resource and strength, answered the vigilantes with a leaflet clarioning, *"We have nothing to fear."* And I heard the workers affirm it collectively and individually—in the spirit of a motherly woman whose Slavic face was luminous as she said, "Boss tell husband better keep out of union. We not scared. Not scared of company, not scared of vigilante, not scared of nothing only God." When these things can happen in Aliquippa, you know the odds in the national contest must be on the side of the workers.

Steel has made an art of segregating its workers. All through the beautiful valleys of the Monongahela, the Allegheny, and the Ohio, you see them hurled as close together as possible in shacks by the mills and their all-seeing eye. Jones & Laughlin, the colossal independent, went a step further than United States Steel, isolating groups within its own domain. In this "Plan," or section, no foreigners are allowed; in that suffocating hollow full of rotting shacks, Negroes; in another, more habitable, straw bosses and foremen.

Secluded from even the last, at 401 Highland Avenue, lives J. A. C. Ruffner, Republican borough chairman, borough and school district tax collector, director of the Woodlawn Building & Loan and of the Woodlawn Trust Company, president of the firm which publishes the Aliquippa *Gazette*, and director and vice-president of the First National Bank. You go up a private walk past a fountain half hidden in shrubbery, which cloaks the hill and the white house at the top from the people down below.

I FOUND Mr. Ruffner at home reading his newspaper. He unfolded out of his easy chair, a lank man with a lank, bald



INVOICE

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GENERAL OFFICES & FACTORY 165 FORTY-FIRST ST. PITTSBURGH, PA., U.S.A.

CABLE ADDRESS FEDERALLAB

SOLD TO Jones and Laughlin
3rd Avenue and Ross Street
Pittsburgh, Penna.

INVOICE NO. 2105
DATE May 26th, 1934
OUR ORDER NO. 2246 [illegible]
YOUR ORDER NO. 13,038
AGENT Baum

TERMS: net SHIPPED — VIA Dele. by Mr. Baum

6	1½" Cal. Riot Guns, 201	60.00ea.	360.00
6	1½" Cal. Riot Gun Cases, 211	7.50ea.	45.00
48	1½" Cal. Short Range Cartridges	4.50ea.	216.00
24	1½" Cal. Long Range Projectiles	7.50ea.	180.00
100	Grenades, 105M	10.00ea.	1000.00
100	M-39 Billy Cartridges	1.50ea.	150.00
			1951.00
	Less 10% on 5th item		100.00
			1851.00
	10% Excise Tax on items 1-3 and 4		75.60
			1,926.60

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ALL CLAIMS FOR SHORTAGE OR DAMAGE MUST BE MADE WITHIN FIVE DAYS OF RECEIPT OF GOODS
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The Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp. prepares: Invoice for arms purchase

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head and a smile that seemed to crack the taut thin skin of his cheeks. I asked him at once whether he was a member of the executive committee of the Committee of Five Hundred, as the vigilantes called themselves. He replied unhesitatingly, "Yes."

IT required no special technique to set him talking. Exemplifying the theory that ruling by sheer might tends to atrophy the intelligence, Ruffner simply assumed that we were on the same side. Moreover, he was quite proud of his little organization. Presently I asked whether the Committee of Five Hundred hadn't evolved from a meeting of business men in the Aliquippa Golf Club, invitations for which were issued by his associate, P. M. Moore. This man, Moore, is a co-director with Ruffner of the Woodlawn Trust.

"Well, not *directly,*" Ruffner emphasized in reply, "although you never can tell, afterwards, what leads up to things, can you?"

"At any rate, it's true that you and other business men discussed the question of the steel workers' organizing at the golf club meeting shortly before you formed the committee?" I repeated. He answered, "Yes. We had a most delightful get-together in the golf club as the guests of Mr. Moore. One of the friendliest get-togethers I ever attended."

"When was that?"

"Oh, about a week ago," he said.

Since this was July 18, the get-together occurred about July 11. On July 14, the Committee of Five Hundred announced itself. On that day the *Gazette* blazoned a reproduction of a leaflet which was distributed at the mill-gates. Attacking the union's program, the leaflet imputed violent intent and invited retaliation. It italicized: "My name is John L. Lewis . . . I am a blood sucker . . . I must stir up hatred and violence . . . I will have in my employ many Communists. They are good at violence and bloodshed." Then it admonished everyone: "You can not be neutral in this hour of strife. . . . The fight is yours, you cannot evade it . . . take your place in the ranks with us, in the movement to show Racketeer Lewis that we have only one answer for him. Mr. John L. Lewis, we do not need you. 'You are dirty and the town and citizens of Aliquippa are clean.'" The signature was not that of Ruffner or Moore or any known mill official or flunkey, but that of Dr. H. S. Gilliland, Chairman. Gilliland is a Republican dentist, former squire and school principal, now borough councilman in Aliquippa.

I inquired how many were present in the golf club soirée. Ruffner answered, "About 400 or 500. Now, I want to be entirely sincere—there were exactly 298 autos parked at the club. That's why I estimate we must have been about 400 or 500." Such a number would indicate many mill foremen and bosses were present, for surely there weren't 400 business men in Aliquippa, with its 20,000 or so population. But no, Ruffner assured me, there were only eight or ten of those present. Some business men brought people from their staffs.

"Was the general superintendent of the mill present? Mr. Harry Saxon, or some such name?"

"Yes," Ruffner replied amiably, "Harry Saxon — S-a-x-o-n, general superintendent here."

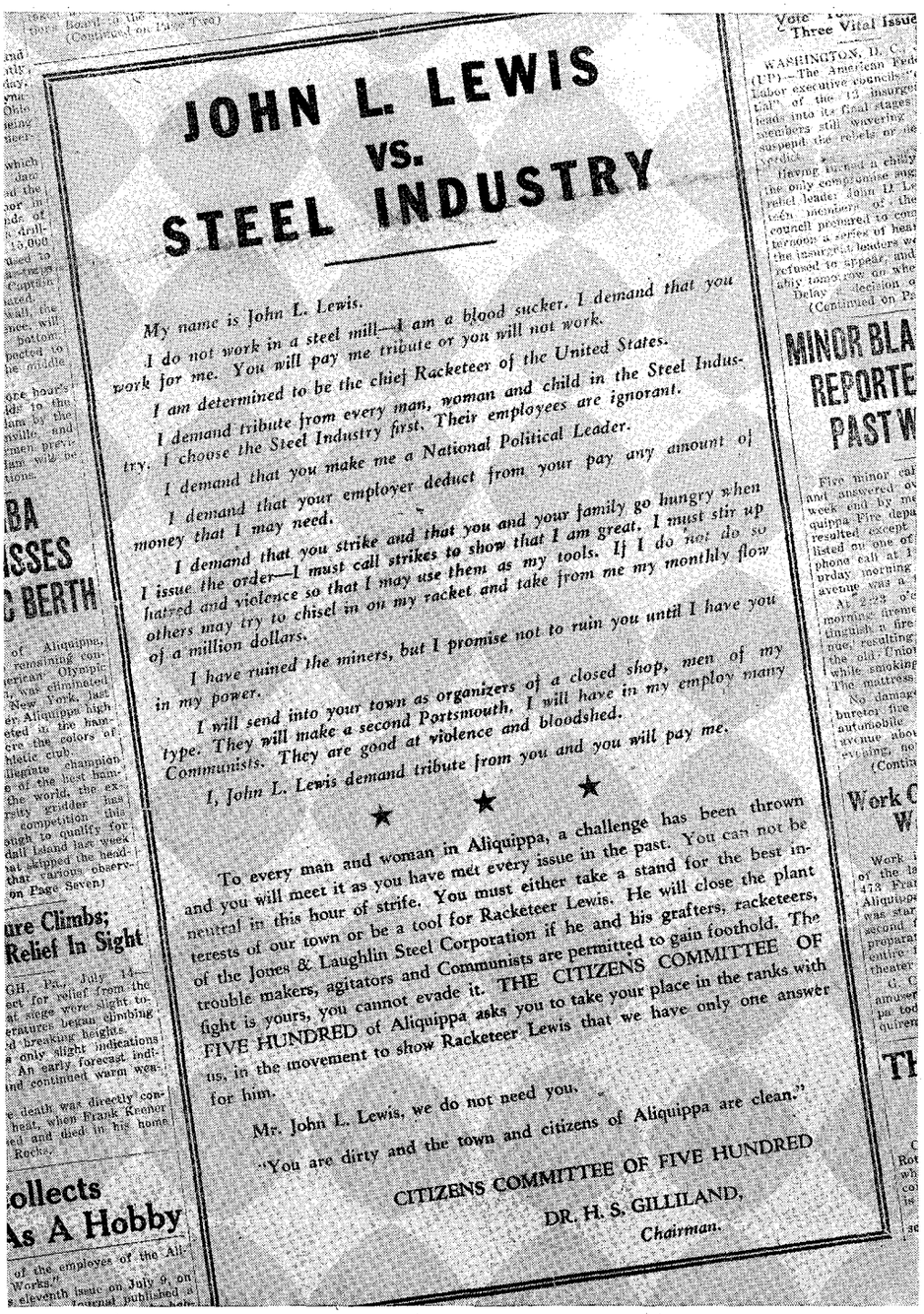
"And the chief speaker was a Mr. Fieger, or Fleiger, vice-president of Jones & Laughlin?"

"Yes," Ruffner said, pausing so I could write it down, "F. E. Fieger—F-i-e-g-e-r, vice-president and general manager of Jones & Laughlin, such a delightful man, one of the most delightful I ever met. He gave us a wonderful talk. You know we greet him warmly because he came to Aliquippa many years ago and rose from position to position until his duties finally took him to Pittsburgh. We still consider him a resident of Aliquippa. Yes, he gave a wonderful talk—not heated, you know, just a plain statement of facts."

"And many of those who heard him are in your Committee of Five Hundred?"

"Yes."

[*Upon the receipt of Miss Young's dispatch, the* NEW MASSES *wired Mr. Fieger asking him to confirm, deny, or clarify, by collect telegram, the statements made about his participation in the formation of the vigilante Committee of Five Hundred in Aliquippa. After three days Mr. Fieger has not replied.*—THE EDITORS.]



JOHN L. LEWIS
vs.
STEEL INDUSTRY

My name is John L. Lewis.

I do not work in a steel mill—I am a blood sucker. I demand that you work for me. You will pay me tribute or you will not work.

I am determined to be the chief Racketeer of the United States.

I demand tribute from every man, woman and child in the Steel Industry. I choose the Steel Industry first. Their employees are ignorant.

I demand that you make me a National Political Leader.

I demand that your employer deduct from your pay any amount of money that I may need.

I demand that you strike and that you and your family go hungry when I issue the order—I must call strikes to show that I am great. I must stir up hatred and violence so that I may use them as my tools. If I do not do so others may try to chisel in on my racket and take from me my monthly flow of a million dollars.

I have ruined the miners, but I promise not to ruin you until I have you in my power.

I will send into your town as organizers of a closed shop, men of my type. They will make a second Portsmouth. I will have in my employ many Communists. They are good at violence and bloodshed.

I, John L. Lewis demand tribute from you and you will pay me.

★ ★ ★

To every man and woman in Aliquippa, a challenge has been thrown and you will meet it as you have met every issue in the past. You can not be neutral in this hour of strife. You must either take a stand for the best interests of our town or be a tool for Racketeer Lewis. He will close the plant of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation if he and his grafters, racketeers, trouble makers, agitators and Communists are permitted to gain foothold. The fight is yours, you cannot evade it. THE CITIZENS COMMITTEE OF FIVE HUNDRED of Aliquippa asks you to take your place in the ranks with us, in the movement to show Racketeer Lewis that we have only one answer for him.

Mr. John L. Lewis, we do not need you.

"You are dirty and the town and citizens of Aliquippa are clean."

CITIZENS COMMITTEE OF FIVE HUNDRED
DR. H. S. GILLILAND,
Chairman.

The vigilantes open fire: The manifesto of the Citizens Committee of Five Hundred

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He went on to explain why he and his fellow vigilantes are dead set against the union. They are afraid of another Portsmouth. And at the thought of the Wheeling Steel strikers' victory, so vigorously denied to be a victory by the owners, Ruffner's lids contracted in terror around his watery eyes. The expression changed to one as cold and hard as crystal, however, as he declared the steel companies cannot and will not do any more than they are doing now for the employes. And the employes are happy. They have been wonderfully, wonderfully well treated during the depression. Therefore he would do everything possible to maintain the present prosperity of Aliquippa. Of course Aliquippa was prosperous! Wages? He could not say. The Department of Labor found the average for skilled workers in the Pittsburgh district is $19 and for unskilled in the blooming mills, $14.73? Well, possibly so. You saw workers' homes that looked shabby? Ah, those must have been the foreigners'; the majority of business people think they cannot be improved. They manage pretty fat salaries to the officers, a total of $585,575 one year? Now that hardly seemed a fair remark. "You have to pay in proportion to skill, you know."

Yes, the company had its own railroad, street cars, buses, iron and coal supplies; and its Woodlawn Land Company was renting or had sold under still-standing mortgages many workers' houses.

"And many company officials own most of the stock in the banks?" I asked him. He replied, "Not many."

I had noticed that the Pittsburgh Mercantile Company, the general store and the only one where half-decent stuff was available, had a sort of checkoff in the mills—the pay envelope bore a place where what was owed it was put down as deducted.

"Yes," said Ruffner. "It was a wonderful thing during the last five years, a wonderful thing." His smile was the smile of Scrooge. Indeed it was a wonderful system. They have a machine in the store's office, and when the worker goes to ask for credit, his name is written on a machine which is connected with the mill's office, and soon automatically the machine registers the worker's check number, time, and wages due. No loss, only hunger, in this credit system.

Why did Ruffner call John L. Lewis "dirty" in the leaflet?

"Well," he said, "you can change that word to sort of yellow if you want to."

Helping steel workers to organize made him *yellow?* "Well," Ruffner revised, "I think Lewis's associations are largely communistic."

"What do you do with Communists in Aliquippa?" I asked, thinking of the comrades who had found ways to make themselves known, the comrades in the mill, and of the NEW MASSES and *Daily Worker* down the hill in the car. Ruffner was saying, "You know, I hate Communists like I hate a snake, and you would too, unless you want a taste of Russia, where your husband can divorce you for fifty cents in ten minutes." Of course they were "illegal" here—four years ago four workers were sent to prison for five years for having Red literature in their homes.

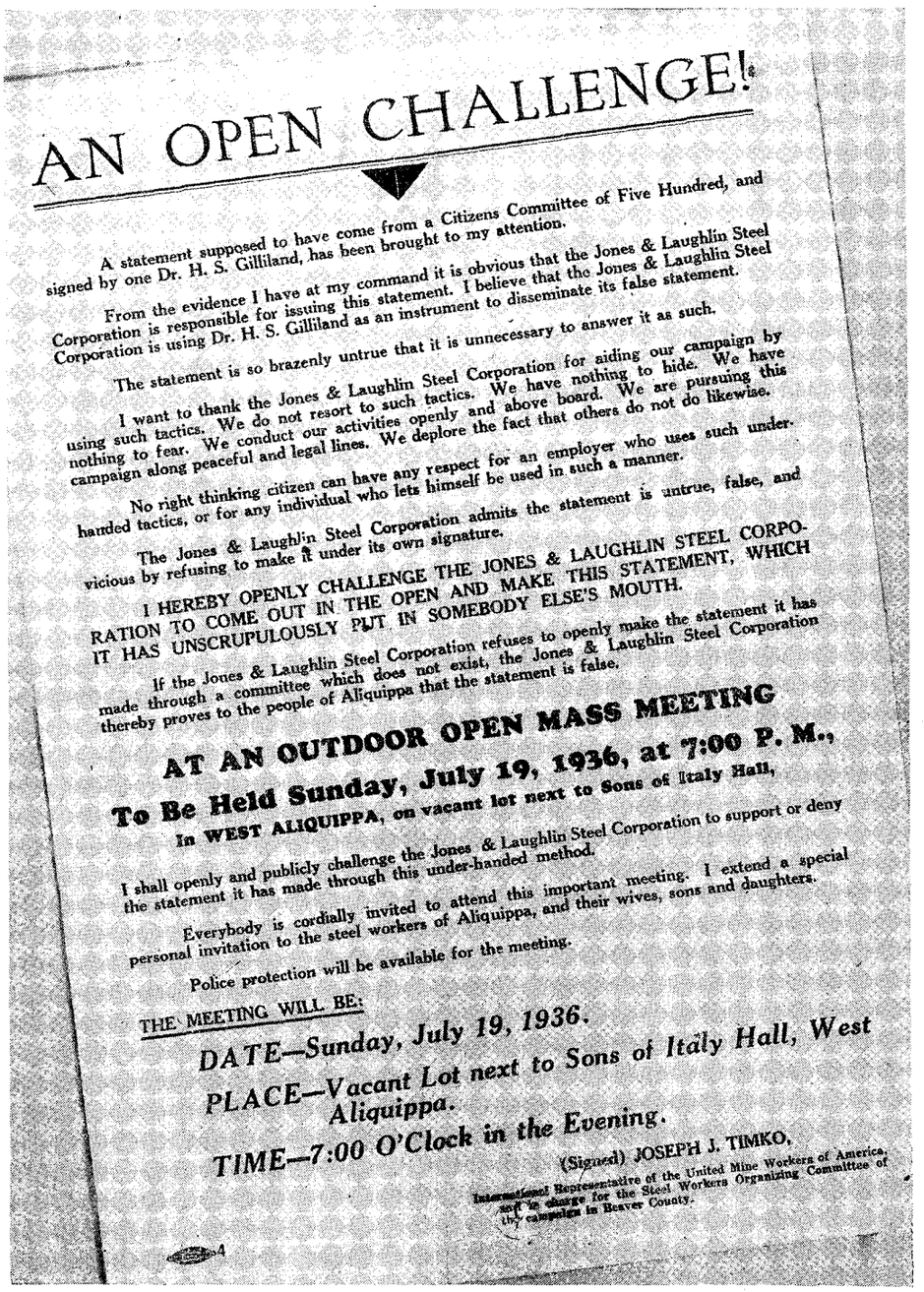
"Getting back to the union," I reminded Ruffner, "the workers must believe they can change their conditions, and through the union—else why do you need the Committee of Five Hundred to try to stop it?"

"Why, what's the necessity for schools?" he responded. "A large percentage of the people are not fully informed. Through the Committee we will educate them."

The way he pronounced that "educate" made the blood run cold. Did he mean the kind of education afforded by his newspaper, which scareheaded the Portsmouth strike when it broke but, when it was settled by the victory that panicked him, carried not one word? Or the kind of education that resides in nightsticks and firearms wielded by a half-dozen thugs and stool-pigeons in the night under cover of a Citizens' Committee set up by the mills, its actual numbers and its names unknown? Or perhaps both? So I asked just how the Committee would carry out the education, how would it function? And he replied with the general rather than the specific: "We will function legally and constitutionally."

"Tell me," I asked him then, "do you consider that the deputies sent against the Ambridge strike were functioning legally and constitutionally?"

"Absolutely," he let go. "That was one of the most wonderful things that ever hap-



AN OPEN CHALLENGE!

A statement supposed to have come from a Citizens Committee of Five Hundred, and signed by one Dr. H. S. Gilliland, has been brought to my attention.

From the evidence I have at my command it is obvious that the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation is responsible for issuing this statement. I believe that the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation is using Dr. H. S. Gilliland as an instrument to disseminate its false statement.

The statement is so brazenly untrue that it is unnecessary to answer it as such.

I want to thank the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation for aiding our campaign by using such tactics. We do not resort to such tactics. We have nothing to hide. We have nothing to fear. We conduct our activities openly and above board. We are pursuing this campaign along peaceful and legal lines. We deplore the fact that others do not do likewise.

No right thinking citizen can have any respect for an employer who uses such underhanded tactics, or for any individual who lets himself be used in such a manner.

The Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation admits the statement is untrue, false, and vicious by refusing to make it under its own signature.

I HEREBY OPENLY CHALLENGE THE JONES & LAUGHLIN STEEL CORPORATION TO COME OUT IN THE OPEN AND MAKE THIS STATEMENT, WHICH IT HAS UNSCRUPULOUSLY PUT IN SOMEBODY ELSE'S MOUTH.

If the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation refuses to openly make the statement it has made through a committee which does not exist, the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation thereby proves to the people of Aliquippa that the statement is false.

AT AN OUTDOOR OPEN MASS MEETING

To Be Held Sunday, July 19, 1936, at 7:00 P. M.,

In WEST ALIQUIPPA, on vacant lot next to Sons of Italy Hall,

I shall openly and publicly challenge the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation to support or deny the statement it has made through this under-handed method.

Everybody is cordially invited to attend this important meeting. I extend a special personal invitation to the steel workers of Aliquippa, and their wives, sons and daughters.

Police protection will be available for the meeting.

THE MEETING WILL BE:

DATE—Sunday, July 19, 1936.

PLACE—Vacant Lot next to Sons of Italy Hall, West Aliquippa.

TIME—7:00 O'Clock in the Evening.

(Signed) JOSEPH J. TIMKO,

International Representative of the United Mine Workers of America, and in charge for the Steel Workers Organizing Committee of the campaign in Beaver County.

4

The workers counter-attack: The reply of the union organizers

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pened in this valley. There was none killed —except one man, and he was a bystander. We won't see the law thrown aside because certain authorities fear the mob."

Where was the mob, the throwing aside of law?

"Why, they were picketing!" Ruffner exclaimed. "Men who wouldn't work! Whenever three or four people gather together and make remarks that could be resented by another person, they are inciting to riot."

I asked him whether he expected that concept to be enforced by Governor Earle and Lieutenant-Governor Kennedy, who promised public strike relief and the protection of civil rights. He replied, "That seems to me the breakdown of law enforcement." And that's where his Committee of Five Hundred comes in. I had heard that the whole union question was discussed at the Republican Slovak club of Aliquippa, cooperation with the vigilantes being demanded. He confirmed this. He said that he, who happens to be local head of the Republican Party, will, as a citizen, do everything possible to stop the union.

"And you expect help from the whole membership of the Republican Party?"

"I hope so," he said. "As citizens of Aliquippa I expect every one of them to help."

ALIQUIPPA exhibits the characteristic triple dominance of the trusts: the economic, political, and social bullying which has a stunning impact even upon the stranger. Everything is designed to hurl the individual upon himself alone. Communication is meager and expensive. There is nothing in the local paper, just nothing except anti-union shrieking; no news, above all, of labor, of the advances elsewhere of united workers. Telephones are rare as diamonds. Every cultural medium that might carry the forbidden idea of collective action is safely under control or non-existent. There is only Father Coughlin on the radio and Jean Harlow at the movies.

Yet intuitively the workers turn to union and the vanguard stand by it heroically. I saw some of the fourteen active unionists who were fired at the opening of the present drive. Most of them are just spending so much more time organizing. Mike Musulin, who gave the company one of his eyes, was getting $4.90 a day as a furnace charger. Pete Cekoric, electrical millwright, has been twenty-six years in the mills; they were going to operate on him for an injury that resulted from his work, but instead they sent him back to work sixteen and sometimes twenty-four hours a day after the flood, then fired him. Nick Krejecic, eleven years in the mills, was earning $3.76 a day. He put out a hand without fingers: $15 a week for one hundred weeks, and they were just about up when he got fired. One of them told how the company-union representative came and told him he could come back to work if he quit that union stuff. "I feel like spitting in his face," said the dismissed worker. "I pick up a handful of dirt and tell him I'll eat that first."

Some went out to distribute leaflets and chanced in at a straw boss's house. He yelled them away, "You come back here with that stuff and I'll get a shotgun and shoot you!"

A mill policeman told an organizer the mill is buying and secreting *horses,* now. Probably it is well stocked with ammunition —it laid in a supply when strike was brewing in 1934. It put undercover men on the trail of the organizers. They dogged the steps of George Isasky—a rank-and-file leader who in 1934 was railroaded to an insane asylum and held there thirty-five days until the union induced a gubernatorial investigation which proved him mentally sound and released him—so that finally George turned upon his shadows and cussed them out. Soon police arrested him and took him to a courtroom graced by the mill superintendent, in charge of witnesses who accused George of—assault and battery! He was fined $18, just $2 too little to appeal.

The Steel Workers' Organizing Committee picked its full-time organizers for Aliquippa carefully. With Albert Atallah, a lion-hearted Syrian with a long straight union record right here in these mills before he, too, was fired, they teamed Joseph Timko of the United Mine Workers, fresh from eleven months in terror-ridden, wits-sharpening Harlan County, Kentucky.

And since the fourteen were fired, five hundred more have signed up, and are safe in their jobs! State police patrol the streets, increasing confidence. This time you're told and have reason to believe that the union, which managed to hold together even without the Committee for Industrial Organization, will organize solidly.

Gorky the Artisan

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

THERE are men whose achievements must be remembered for their own sakes. No other or greater tribute can be paid them. There are also men whose achievements must be remembered in terms of that which comes after them. With these last it is not enough to return to the man's life as one would go back to the garden and birth house of a poet in some distant country. It is necessary to bring the life of the man forward into one's own time. Gorky is such a man. His fame stands there but it is not the fame that most concerns us. It is not even the work beneath the fame. It is the explanation of the effectiveness of that work and the possibility of producing work of equal effectiveness elsewhere than in Russia and at another time than the turn of the century. In other periods there was leisure for writers to practice at least in public the becoming virtues of modesty. Now there is no time for these virtues. Now it is necessary to learn as quickly and as eagerly as possible. Gorky is one of those from whom it is possible to learn.

It is easy to see why this should be so. It is so because Gorky is the first to have done what many must do again. What is it then that Gorky did? Many books will answer you. They will tell you that he fought for the revolution, that he fought against the old corruption, that he created a proletarian literature, that he was perhaps the first creator of a pure proletarian literature. All these things are true and all these things are important. But these are all critics' judgments after the event. They are round and complete and final and untelling like an obituary. They describe the house perfectly after it is built but they are very little help to those who desire to labor at its building again and here. Such people have a right to a less general statement, a more accurate if a less stirring account. What is it primarily that Gorky did to make this work of his effective? What act of creation of his was the act that created what is now admired?

It would be an overbold man who would attempt to say and yet I think something can be said. I think what can be said is this: that Gorky was at all times a cutter and shaper of the materials of construction and not himself an architect. Which is another way of saying that Gorky was at all times an artist. There are many definitions of the word artist, each more confused than the last. But one thing about the artist I believe to be self-evident—that he is concerned with freeing from the undifferentiated, uncut rock of common life the useful shapes of experience. It is his labor to make available the stone: not to calculate the blueprints. To which the corollary is that if the artist spends his time upon the blueprints there will be no stone with which to build.

Gorky was an artist from the beginning of his writing to the end. The blueprints—even the greatest blueprints—did not concern him. His biographers sometimes attempt to excuse his differences with Lenin, his period of opposition to the Revolution, his long

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concern with the Old Russia, as aberrations, temporary errors. They do both themselves and him injustice. These periods of his life are essential to its meaning. He was the artist. He had the direct sensuous mind of the artist: the stupid, blunt, shrewd, delicately-fingering artisan mind of the artist. He was concerned with the artist's world, of things sensible, things seen, things heard, things felt. If the material he dug out of the inarticulate rock did not fit the plans then so much the worse for the plans or so much the worse for the work—but in any case the concern was not his. He had done what he had to do. He had done work. He would knock off—until next time when he would work again.

To me this is the greatest tribute Gorky or any other man of letters can be paid. There is room and to spare for the intellectual, the handler of concepts, the constructor of complicated edifices. We do not suffer from too much intellection but from too little. But there is also room, and emptier room, for the artist who alone can dig out of the earth the tangible materials, the wind-proof stone, the time-withstanding brick with which these men of concepts can deal. For otherwise they deal in paper and their work is paper and like paper it goes yellow at the edge and brittle at the folds and time takes it quickly.

To me this is the greatest tribute Gorky can be paid and the greatest lesson Gorky's life can teach. Too many revolutionary writers in America—too many young writers—run away from this obligation. They write *about* the facts for whole books together. They arrange them. They explain them. They act as though God had chosen them to be the final architects of a structure of which all the bricks were ready and to hand: whose exalted privilege it was to pile them together in such shapes as pleased them to play with them—the intellectual play. But in America there are no such bricks. Those bricks are to make. And it is only the artists who can make them. It is only the artists whose direct and loyal and sincere observation of life about them can produce the tangible, sensible, actual materials out of which the house can be made. If they do not do it, no one will do it. We will go on putting together paper plans of reality to make a paper house. The writer who is truly a writer, who is truly responsible to his art, will do to the best of his ability *as* Gorky did. He will not do *what* Gorky did for that labor is not to be done over. To learn from a great revolutionary is not to make the great revolutionary's life, like a saint's life, into a kind of orthodoxy to be imitated, but to discover its technique, its morality—to learn by heart a method not a man. The writer who is truly a writer will do to the best of his ability *as* Gorky did. He will see and hear and feel and he will bear witness to what he has heard and felt and seen that other men may have the material with which to work.

It is sometimes said that the intelligentsia in this country are guilty. What is meant is that they are guilty of silence in the face of injustice. I do not know whether the intelligentsia in this country are guilty of silence. But I do know that all but a few of the writers in this country *are* guilty. What they are guilty of is speech. The duty of the writer is the duty Gorky laid upon himself: to be silent and to be humble and to produce the materials for life.

Headlines from Spain

Drowsing, sleepless,
stretched flat on the sand in the sun,
listening to long combers break and hiss:

Tired on a Saturday afternoon
at the end of a long week of work,
fretfully listening for headlines from Spain:

And this same flaming summer sun
And this immaculately pure blue sky,

This sky is the sky over the pass at Guadarrama:
This sun is the sun that beats down on Guadarrama:

The sky that singes
cheeks glued to gunstocks
high in the mountain passes over Madrid:

This is the sun in which
flies buzz about the bodies
that lie on the cobbles of Algeciras:

headlines; what newspapers lie? what truth can be read?

Far above New York,
long after dark, listless, cool, clean,
drift dancers across the black face of night:

Between heartbreaking summer songs
artillery seems to echo in the black sky,
reflections of drumfire rim the horizon:

And this hazy summer moon,
This very air and bright sky,

This moon lights the defiles of Somo Sierra:
These many stars illumine the meadows at Somo Sierra:

Where shirt-sleeved young men
lie awake in the unmown mountain hay
waiting for the drone of night bombers:

Where young girls fretfully
test the locks of their rifles,
rehearse instructions, listen for the word:

what do the headlines say? who sent the cables?

Finally, late at night
the heart of the whole world sleeps,
troubled, pitches in its million beds:

The heart of the people
of all cities and plains;
our heart and the Spanish heart:

Dreams of peace, security, peace:
How many nightmares will there be?

We wished that the struggle should be painless
But we never believed the fruits could come free:

We dreamed that things
could be settled at the round-tables
to the rustling sounds of documents:

We wanted decay to end
in decay and not in violence; but,
without answers, they spoke with guns:

headline! news, eye-witness story from the front:—
the masses make the headlines; oppressors, the obituary.

JAMES NEUGASS.

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Police Photos Vindicate Mooney

ROBERT HOLMES and BRUCE MINTON

San Francisco.

THEY say out here in California that there are as many ways of proving the innocence of Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings as there are ways of spending a week's wages. But when their innocence can be proved by photographs taken from police files, when those photographs have been concealed by the state for twenty years, the last excuse for holding two labor leaders in jail disappears. The NEW MASSES reproduces one of these photographs, published here for the first time. They prove Mooney's alibi: that at the time of the bomb explosion and immediately before it he was on the roof of the Eilers Building ten blocks away from where the bomb was placed. And with this established finally, the state's case against Mooney and Billings vanishes into thin air. Yet Mooney and Billings are still in the penitentiary.

On July 22, 1916, after much "patriotic" ballyhoo, the Law and Order Committee of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce staged what they called a Preparedness Day parade. Actually, the parade was a demonstration of strength by the open-shop employers. Just a week before, on July 14, Tom Mooney's attempt to organize the street-car workers (employes of the United Railroads), to call them out on strike, had been smashed by the employers. These same employers backed the public demonstration to bring America into the World War: an anti-Wilson, anti-pacifist, anti-German, anti-Mexican, anti-labor parade. Organized labor refused to participate.

By two o'clock in the afternoon the parade was well under way. As it moved up Market Street, at 2:06 p.m., a bomb exploded at Steuart and Market. Ten persons died, forty others were wounded. The city went wild with rage. The newspapers—even then William Randolph Hearst was well entrenched—blamed the "Reds."

The police needed a scapegoat. The open shoppers wanted Mooney and Billings out of the labor movement. Martin Swanson, private detective for the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, conferred with District Attorney Charles A. Fickert. A few days later, Tom Mooney, labor organizer, his wife Rena, their associates Warren K. Billings and Ed Nolan, militant trade unionists, and Israel Weinberg, jitney driver and friend of Mooney, were arrested and indicted. Martin Swanson had waited a long time. The bomb explosion was a ready-made opportunity—if Swanson had not made the opportunity himself. The utility companies wanted results from Swanson—and the detective was going to get them.

Billings went on trial first. The prosecution claimed that the defendants had gathered at 721 Market Street, had entered Weinberg's jitney and gone to Steuart and Market where the bomb had exploded. Mooney and Billings had climbed out of the jitney and placed a suitcase with the bomb inside on the sidewalk. The men had then re-entered the car and driven away.

The prosecution produced plenty of witnesses for this story: Estelle Smith and Mellie and Sadie Edeau alleged they had seen Mooney and Billings leaving 721 Market Street at 1:53 p.m. John McDonald testified that he saw them arrive at Market and Steuart Streets at about 2 p.m. John M. Crowley swore he saw them a block away at 1:55 p.m.

It was all cut and dried. Billings was sentenced to life imprisonment. Mooney's trial followed. And with it came a new witness, Frank C. Oxman, the "honest cattleman." Oxman told a good story. He swore to having seen Mooney and Billings at Steuart and Market at about 1:40 p.m. He saw the Weinberg jitney. He saw the two men climb out of the automobile, set down the suitcase and then drive off. To prove it all, he pulled a paper out of his pocket on which he had noted the number of Weinberg's car. His foresight? Well, Oxman felt suspicious. He thought perhaps the two men were thieves.

Mooney was sentenced to be hanged.

IT made no difference at the Mooney trial that the defense produced pictures taken by Wade Hamilton. These photographs, one of which is reproduced herewith as Figure 1, had been suppressed during the Billings trial by the prosecution. Mooney's lawyers, Maxwell McNutt and Bourke Cockran, heard of them and secured a court order compelling the prosecution to produce the pictures. They had been taken by Hamilton from the roof of the Eilers Building at 975 Market Street. They show Tom and Rena Mooney on the roof of the Eilers Building watching the parade. The pictures were enlarged 200 times. And below, on the street, the photographs show a clock. The pictures had been taken, the clock indicated, at 2:01 and 2:04 p.m. But the prosecution contended that Mooney was ten blocks away about five minutes earlier. He could not have reached the roof in such a short time. *Either the prosecution's witnesses had lied about seeing Mooney at Steuart and Market or the photographs were false.* The prosecution did not challenge the authenticity of the photographs. But the jury sentenced Mooney to hang.

That was twenty years ago. Since then, the "evidence" against Mooney and Billings has been smashed bit by bit. Ed Rigall of Grayville, Ill., revealed that Oxman had written to him asking Rigall to come to San Francisco to testify that he had seen Oxman in San Francisco on July 22, 1916. When Fremont Older printed these letters in the *Bulletin,* the storm broke. The revelation compelled President Wilson to ask another trial for Mooney. Instead, Governor Stephens commuted the death sentence to life imprisonment.

The evidence against all defendants was the same. But Rena Mooney and Weinberg were acquitted and Nolan, after being held in jail for months, was released without trial. The California Supreme Court in 1918 declared that it was bound by legal limitations and could not act to grant Mooney and Billings a new trial. The United States Supreme Court refused to intervene.

From 1918 to 1930, each prosecution witness, one by one, was completely discredited. John McDonald recanted and in an affidavit admitted that he had perjured himself. When he was found in Baltimore, he screamed, "Lies, lies—it was all lies!" Crowley was discovered to have a criminal record. His testimony was inconsistent even with that of the other perjurers, McDonald and Oxman. Estelle Smith admitted to Fremont Older that she had perjured herself. The Edeaus were later proved not even to have been at 721 Market where they claimed to have seen Mooney and Billings: there is doubt that they were in San Francisco on the day of the explosion. Mellie Edeau stated that she had been at Steuart and Market at the same time as she had been at 721 Market. When the defense questioned her and asked how she could be at both places at the same time, she replied that while she was in the flesh at one place, her "astral" body was at the other.

The star witness, Frank C. Oxman, proved the most complete flop. At the time of the explosion, he was at Woodland, ninety miles away from San Francisco, though he had testified to seeing Mooney and Billings in San Francisco a few minutes before the bomb went off. Oxman, who had perjured himself in former trials in Oregon, would do anything for money and excitement.

These are the witnesses who sent Mooney and Billings to jail for the rest of their natural lives. The Halleran report describes them as a "weird procession composed of a prostitute [Estelle Smith], two syphilitics [McDonald and Crowley], a psychopathic liar [Oxman], and a woman suffering from a spiritualistic hallucination [Mellie Edeau]."

In 1930, Billings petitioned the California Supreme Court asking that he be recommended for pardon. The Court reviewed the case. In a bitter, bigoted, prejudiced opinion

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in which the Court indicted Billings personally, the radical movement, the working class and those who had interested themselves in securing justice for Mooney and Billings, the Court denied the petition. Only Judge Langdon dissented. Langdon knew the frameup. He had been the district attorney whom Fickert, with the aid of money from the United Railroad, had deposed. Langdon, in reviewing the inconsistencies of the state's case, wrote:

> If Crowley told the truth, McDonald lied. If McDonald told the truth, Crowley lied. And if Oxman told the truth, both of the others lied.

The truth is, all the state's principal witnesses lied.

The majority opinion had something to say about the Hamilton photographs (Fig. 1). The Court intimated that the enlargements might have been faked, that the hands of the clock showing in the photographs might have been altered to show a different time from that at which the photographs were taken. It made no difference to the Court that the enlargements had been made by a man of unimpeachable professional standing, Theodore Kytka, the leading photographic and handwriting expert in San Francisco. Nor that the enlargements had been made in the presence of two police detectives and immediately handed to them. The California Supreme Court was not interested in justice.

LAST year, Mooney took his case to the United States Supreme Court on a theory advanced for the first time in the Mooney case. It was argued that the state of California, through its officers, District Attorney Fickert and his aides, had obtained Mooney's conviction by the use of evidence known to them to be perjured, and by the suppression of other evidence favorable to Mooney. This, it was claimed, denied Mooney due process of law under the Fourteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution. The court, however, rejected Mooney's application for permission to file a writ of *habeas corpus,* but without prejudice. He was instructed to go back to the California courts and there exhaust his remedy on *habeas corpus.* As a result, Mooney returned to the California Supreme Court which fifteen years earlier said it was powerless to act in the matter. Now that court permitted Mooney to file his petition, and a hearing was granted him before a referee, A. E. Shaw, appointed by the court to sit in the matter. The state is represented by Deputy Attorney General William F. Cleary, while Mooney's counsel are Frank P. Walsh, John F. Finerty, and George T. Davis.

The hearings, under way since last August, have rehearsed the entire case. But it was not until two weeks ago that Tom Mooney, going through documents which have been kept in police department files for twenty years, found some photographs, one of which is reproduced here for the first time (Fig. 2). These photographs were taken by a newsreel photographer during the parade. They show the same clock at the same time as the pictures taken by Hamilton from the Eilers roof (Fig. 1).

The photographs have been withheld for twenty years. They prove, conclusively, that the photographs originally placed in evidence by the defense in 1916 were not tampered with (as the California Supreme Court intimated) and that Mooney could not have placed the bomb which the state claims he did. The finding of these photographs also goes to prove one of the important issues in the present hearings, namely, that the state suppressed evidence favorable to Mooney. It has already been established that the state used perjured testimony and that the district attorney knew this, and in fact conspired to use such evidence. Now, by the state's own action in withholding these pictures, it is established that evidence favorable to Mooney was suppressed. Mooney has proved the issues. As a matter of law, his release should follow when the hearings conclude.

Examine the photographs. Figure 1 shows Mooney and his wife watching the parade go by at 2:01 o'clock. Figure 2 shows the same clock at the identical time. *The section of the parade passing the clock at that moment is the same section of the parade passing the clock in the picture showing Mooney and his wife on the roof.* Therefore, since the picture in Figure 2 could not possibly have been tampered with, at 2:01, when a specific unit was passing the clock, Mooney and Rena Mooney were ten blocks away from the spot where the bomb exploded. The case against Mooney was manufactured, "proved" by the state's perjured witnesses. Tom Mooney did not and could not have placed the bomb. The pictures prove this beyond question. Yet Mooney remains in prison.

By the same token, if Mooney could not have been seen at Steuart and Market

Fig. 1—The original Wade Hamilton alibi photo, which the California Supreme Court rejected on the ground that the time on the clock might have been faked

Fig. 2—The newsreelman's photo, suppressed for twenty years in police files, which corroborates the time shown in the original photo and reinforces the alibi

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Streets, the identification of Billings is proved false. Perjurers, proven to be perjurers by photographic evidence, identified Billings. They also identified Mooney and Rena Mooney. But the Mooneys were not present. The identification of Billings is no longer tenable. Yet Billings remains in prison.

The case against Mooney and Billings no longer exists. But the *habeas corpus* hearings continue. The proceedings have been for the most part a bitter farce. The referee has no power to rule on matters of evidence. He is merely a figurehead sitting over the interminable sessions and drawing $50 a day for doing so. He is vested with no power of recommendation. The California Supreme Court will then be forced to pass on the 15,000 pages of the record.

What will be the Court's decision? The late Red-baiter, C. K. McClatchey of the reactionary Sacramento *Bee,* gave the answer last year: "Just because the Supreme Court of California has given Mooney a hearing does not mean that it will free him." The composition of the Court has changed little since it refused Billings a pardon five years ago. With the growth of the waterfront unions, it will employ every method to resist the advancing forces of organized labor. That is the command of the men who rule California: the Industrial Association, the Associated Farmers, the utility corporations, the Chambers of Commerce. They want Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings to remain in the penitentiary.

This was confirmed by George Miller, a witness at the present hearings. In 1919, Miller was employed by the United Railroads as a labor spy. In a conversation with Melnotte McCants, at that time in charge of industrial relations activities for the United, McCants informed Miller:

> "Miller," he says, "Mooney and Billings are going to remain in prison just as long as the United Railroads can keep them there. Not (with a wave of the hand) that they are not guilty. We have thoroughly investigated Mooney and Billings, but," he says, "they are agitators. Look what they cost us in this strike, over a million dollars. We are going to keep them in prison just as long as we can keep them there."

The case will eventually come before the United States Supreme Court. If this Court is consistent, it will free the two most famous political prisoners in America. But the Supreme Court also responds to pressure. The employers will exert pressure. It is up to labor and liberal groups, to all those interested in civil liberties, to apply even stronger pressure to liberate two men held in jail for twenty years because they tried to organize workers.

The fight goes on. The bomb that exploded twenty years ago was utilized by the power trust to kill the freedom and the lives of two beloved and powerful labor leaders. Mooney and Billings have fought for twenty years—not alone for their freedom but against the terror and anti-labor offensive of the few employers. They look upon themselves as symbols of the labor movement: to win their freedom is to bolster the entire force of labor, the struggle for civil liberties. From his cell, on the twentieth anniversary of his imprisonment, Tom Mooney, Prisoner 31921, writes:

> We are confident of ultimate success in our case, but there is no hope in the California courts where the attitude is that of the average business man and banker: "We have the right man on the wrong job." When our case is ultimately disposed of by the California and United States Supreme Courts, we will take it to that court on the San Francisco waterfront, the Maritime Federation of the Pacific, where we are sure that we will receive justice. We have more than proved the issues in this case. Evidence means nothing in a case with this class character involved. Power has kept us in prison for a score of years. Nothing but the organized might economically and politically of the workers will counter that power which has made us class-war prisoners. We greet the readers of the NEW MASSES from our tomb of the living dead on this twentieth year of our imprisonment.

The evidence against Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings is non-existent. They remain in the penitentiary. The key to their cell is in the hands of the masses of Americans. But they must fight to approach the door. They must fight to turn the lock that will, after twenty long years, free Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings.

Devil's Dictionary a la Hearst

H. L. STONE

ALWAYS eager to be of service, the NEW MASSES presents herewith a glossary for use in reading the Hearst press.

Not that anyone in his right mind has the faintest intention of reading the Hearst press, but sometimes this odd practice cannot be avoided.

Suppose you were marooned on the traditional desert island with no other reading matter available. Suppose that the next time you buy a fresh mackerel the fish dealer wraps it in a New York *American*. Hearst papers have insidious ways of forcing themselves on people.

While this compendium is in no wise complete, we feel that it will prove useful to those unfortunates on whose privacy the Hearst press unavoidably intrudes. The lexicon will be amplified from time to time as new definitions are coined by the San Simeon brain trust.

adequate—Present to so overwhelming a degree that the world will be aghast, a-tremble, agog, and a-twitter, as in "adequate national defense."

alien—A person born north of the St. Lawrence, south of the Rio Grande, east of Long Island, west of San Francisco; a low fellow incapable of understanding that Andrew Carnegie, Jacob Riis, Father Coughlin, the Marquis de Lafayette, the Princes Mdivani, Christopher Columbus, and Vasco da Gama were different from himself and praiseworthy aliens.

America—God's Country; superior to all other countries; depository of all the virtues of all the ages and none of their vices, until Franklin D. Roosevelt and other termites began to sap the foundations of the land; now in grave danger of some day sinking into the loathsome abyss of economic equality. See *Termite*.

Americanism—The only "ism" for which there is room in America; the doctrine that workers must be free to enslave themselves to industry, and free also to join only company unions; the belief that the Hearst papers must be read 365 days a year.

American Newspaper Guild—An unmentionable, non-existent, unnamed labor union to which 80 percent of Hearst's editorial workers belong.

boondoggling—Any useful work made available by the government to unemployed artists, writers, teachers and other white-collar workers.

Brain Trust—A crackpot melange in the pay of Moscow. See *Moscow*.

Brisbane—Oracle of the twentieth century; the Spinoza-Kant-Walter-Duranty-Copernicus-Harvey-Michelangelo-Homer-Will Durant-Isaiah of Page One, New York *American*. Authority on primates, principally gorillas, and real estate, principally California.

butler—A servant essential to the menages of all Society habitués and the sons of habitués; Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, a hotbed of radicalism; himself a dangerous fomenter of discord in American life, a termite seeking to embroil this country in the seething caldron of European skullduggery.

Communist—A son of a bitch. When you don't like somebody, you may be tempted to call him a son of a bitch. When Hearst doesn't like somebody, he calls him a Communist. E.g., John Dewey, Chairman McSwain of the House Military Affairs Com-

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mittee, Heywood Broun, Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins, Bishop Francis J. McConnell of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rep. Vito Marcantonio, John Haynes Holmes, Roger Baldwin, Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Arthur Garfield Hays.

conspiracy—Major activity of American Communists, who are secretly plotting the overthrow of capitalism. In order to keep their plans secret, the Communists—dull fellows!—mention them only in newspapers, magazines, books, pamphlets, public placards, and on the radio.

Davies, Marion—The Duse-Bernhardt-Venus de Milo of Hollywood. See *Italy*.

defense—War on Japan, Communists, strikers, Soviet Russia.

demagogue—A person who knows how to speak and still does not approve of Hearst.

Democrat—In 1932, a savior. In 1936, a fiend. See *Republican*.

dole—An un-American institution resulting in loss of self-reliance, dividends, independence, thrift, industry, and hunger. See *Relief*.

Ethiopia—A small African nation recently in the grip of barbarism, now at last enjoying the fruits of civilization under the benign scourge of fascism.

France—A misguided country now under the influence of Soviet Russia; a suburb of Moscow; a nation so depraved that it is opposed to Hitlerism and so deluded that it believes it can get along without the wholesome presence within its borders of William Randolph Hearst.

Frankfurter, Felix—An edible, but indigestible, Brain Truster.

free press—A right given by the Constitution to advocate in print the throttling of Communists, Socialists, pacifists, liberals, and all those seeking to defend the right of free press; the institution of the free press is endangered by the Child Labor Amendment, since a free press requires the employment of infants as news-dealers.

free speech—The doctrine of Shut up, this is a free country.

Georgia—In the United States, a state distinguished for its forthright treatment of Negroes and prisoners, neither of which classes it "coddles"; in Russia, a region that produced Stalin. In an effort to atone for this, Georgia labored and gave forth the Mdivanis.

Italy.—Birthplace of the glorious politico-economic system under which the trains are made to run on time, and in which a place is set aside in international art exhibitions for the likeness of Marion Davies, an actress.

Japan—A miserable country full of yellow people who work for less pay than do Americans, and constitute a menace; a proud land eager to save the world from the Marxist menace.

Kremlin—A den of wild beasts straining to spring at humanity's jugular vein; a storehouse of precious metals in Moscow. See *Moscow*.

Scott Johnston

Landon—Defender of the faith, Coolidge of the prairies, enemy of Communists, Democrats, Socialists, Fascists, termites, war, pacifism, monopoly, strikers, strike-breakers, demagogues, New Dealers; friend of Hearst.

Leland-Stanford University—A West Coast institution of higher learning unmentionable, nameless, and non-existent in the Hearst press since one George Counts, professor at Columbia, lectured there. For definition of Counts, see *Termite, Communist*.

loyalty oath—A formula to which all teachers must subscribe before they proceed to teach Communism to the young. The only teachers who are to be permitted to teach Communism and other subversive doctrines to the young are those who have signed loyalty oaths. These are required in several states, thanks to the Hearst newspapers.

Macfadden, Bernarr—Alias "Nearly Nude." The man who invented Body Love and the True Story; a pure, unadulterated example of that which is greater than even a 100 percent American: a 100 percent *American* American. The italics are Hearst's.

Moscow—A mining town; source of gold used to support Franklin D. Roosevelt, Heywood Broun, the Socialist Party, the *Freiheit*, Léon Blum, Ramsay MacDonald, Charles A. Beard, Rexford Guy Tugwell, Representative McSwain, and Tom Mooney.

Negro—A low form of human life. He stands in the mathematical relationship of four to one with whites. That is, he must do something four times as exciting as a

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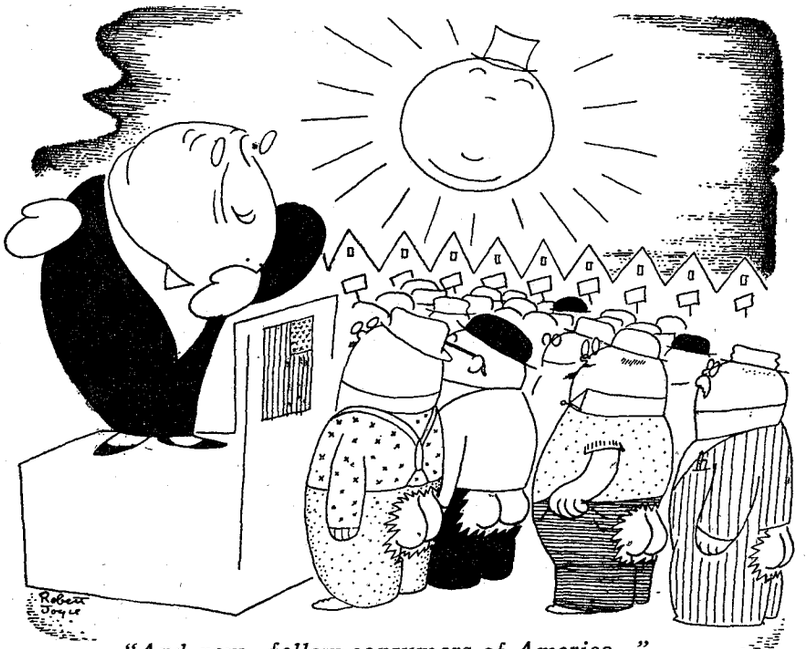

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white to get his name into a Hearst paper. All a white has to do, for instance, is kill his wife. A Negro must kill four. Also, at least four of his race must die in any way in order to achieve the distinction of occupying space devoted to one deceased Caucasian.

pacifist—A Jap-lover; one who preaches free love, anarchy, nationalization of women, bomb-throwing, destruction of the home and of religion.

professor—Any high-school teacher; a dangerous fanatic, crack-brained, devoid of intelligence as well as worldly experience, ready at the drop of a hat to teach Communism and other heresies to the young; despite his obvious incapacity, a man who belongs to a clique which has been entrusted by Termite Roosevelt with the responsibility of government.

proletariat—Common people. There are two kinds: those who are lazy, shiftless and spendthrifts, and therefore will never be rich, and those who own Hearst, Insull, or other gilt-edged stock, work day and night, vote Republican, and belong to company unions.

rebel—One who attacks an existing government from within; in capitalist America, a contemptible person, in Leftist Spain, a patriot.

reporter—A nondescript slave filled with a moon-eyed appreciation of the "romance" of journalism and able somehow to live on this appreciation, plus a few bucks a week, the fewer the better.

Republican—In 1932, a fiend. In 1936, a savior. See *Democrat*.

Stalin—A stony-hearted dictator soft-minded enough to fall for Communism.

steel—A great philanthropic industry now beset by misguided termitelets under the tutelage of 100-horsepower termites. See *Termite*.

strike—A cold-blooded attack on the fundamentals of our civilization; a gratuitous gesture of ingratitude by workmen intent on biting the hand that feeds them.

strike-breaker—A loyal worker.

taxes—A treasonable invention of Commissar Roosevelt, designed to shorten the lives of great Americans like Bernarr Macfadden, the duPonts, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., William Randolph Hearst, Alfred E. Smith, and Ogden Mills. In the hands of New Dealers the proceeds of taxes buy votes. In clean hands, these proceeds advance the legitimate ends of government, such as the dispatch of Marines to Nicaragua.

termite—An insect that lives on wood and saps the foundations of buildings and other structures, such as the Constitution; a Communist. E.g., Professor Counts of Columbia, Professor Frankfurter of Harvard, Mayor LaGuardia, Secretary Perkins, Professor Tugwell, Harry Hopkins, Harold R. Ickes, Chairman McSwain, John Dewey, Earl Browder, Norman Thomas.

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Britain at the Crossroads—II

R. PALME DUTT

IN assessing British foreign policy, it is particularly necessary to distinguish between the openly and consciously pro-Hitler forces, which are still a minority, though a powerful minority, and the main body of Conservatism and the National Government, which moves in practice along a similar line, but with considerable waverings and hesitations.

The consciously pro-fascist, anti-Soviet, anti-League forces constitute a powerful reactionary minority on the right wing of Conservatism, but not yet the dominant directing group of British foreign policy. This line is openly voiced by the elements close to fascism in Britain, the Londonderrys, Lloyds, Rothermeres, Mosleys, etc. They work hand-in-hand with Hitler and his agents. They denounce France and the Soviet Union. They support the expansion of Germany, Italy, and Japan, and preach eventual war on the Soviet Union. They oppose the League of Nations. The *Daily Mail* calls for a British-German-Italian alliance against France and the Soviet Union. With these forces are associated the "isolationists" who oppose the League of Nations and commitments in Europe. These elements have the support of the majority of the diehard Conservatives; and a section in the Cabinet is close to them in the sense of a pro-Hitler tendency and opposition to France, the League, and general collective security (Hailsham, Hoare, MacDonald, Neville Chamberlain).

Against this line, the opposing tendency in Conservatism, represented by Churchill, Austen Chamberlain, and the Young Conservatives, Lord Eustace Percy, Macmillan, Boothby, etc., sees the prospect of Hitler's expansion as the most dangerous menace to British imperialism. In consequence, it advocates a consistent line of collective security in Europe on the basis of the League, as well as cooperation with France and the Soviet Union. This line also has elements in the Cabinet close to its outlook (Eden, Duff-Cooper, Ormsby Gore).

All sections are agreed on heavy British rearmament as the practical conclusion to be drawn from the situation; but they differ on the questions of political alignment.

BETWEEN these two opposing lines, the main body of the National Government, under the weak and hesitant leadership of Baldwin, wavers and vacillates, and endeavors to elaborate a halfway line. But in fact this halfway line becomes inevitably a pro-Hitler line. For the essence of the halfway line is the refusal of general collective security and the endeavor to find a basis of negotiation with Hitler. Britain refuses to enter into a definite and binding peace front with France, the Soviet Union, and the League states, such as could alone hold in check the Nazi offensive. As against this, Britain sees its role as that of "arbiter" between the peace grouping and Hitler. This was particularly apparent in the situation after the Rhineland coup, in which British policy made possible the success of Hitler's aggression. The long protracted Anglo-German negotiations have given Hitler the time to consolidate his position. The Hitler "Peace" Plan, with its separation of guarantees of security in Western Europe, and refusal of guarantees for Central and Eastern Europe, was received with a warm welcome in British official expression and the British press. Britain sees the future as the restoration of Germany to a "reformed" (i.e., weakened) League; the close cooperation of Britain, France, and Germany; and a measure of treaty revision to appease Hitler's claims without war. This illusory perspective, which ignores all the real problems, inevitably means in practice the line of successive capitulation to Hitler.

The heart of the British official policy is the separation of Western and Eastern Europe.

> "In the organization of security in Western Europe His Majesty's Government will play their full part." (Eden in the House of Commons on March 18.)
>
> "I am very doubtful whether it is possible or desirable at present to negotiate general obligations of mutual assistance all over Europe." (Eden in the House of Commons on April 6).
>
> "It is not an immediate necessity for our defense to maintain the status quo in Eastern Europe, and we must safeguard ourselves from being drawn into war owing to France's connection with Germany's Eastern neighbors." (The News-Letter, official organ of the MacDonaldite section of the National Government).
>
> "While our concern for peace is universal and enduring, there are clearly certain areas in which our vital interests are more immediately affected by a disturbance of the peace, and one of these areas is Western Europe. . . . The Government have sought to re-create confidence among the nations of Western Europe. . . . We are ready to negotiate a non-aggression and mutual assistance arrangement in Western Europe." (Eden, speech at Woodcote on June 6).

What, then, of Central and Eastern Europe? Here the official British line declares that, while Britain accepts no special commitments, the protection of peace in these regions against aggression falls under the general Covenant of the League of Nations. But the efficacy of this protection has already been demonstrated in the case of Ethiopia. And, to underline the significance of this, the British Government is now calling for the "reform" of the Covenant of the League of Nations, i.e., to limit the previous universal obligations and replace them by regional obligations.

The British proposals for the "reform" of the League of Nations are not yet published; and Government spokesmen still speak only in general terms of the necessity of revision. Since, however, as the spokesmen of France, the Soviet Union, and the Little Entente at the League Council in June made clear, the formal obligations of the Covenant for the universal maintenance of collective peace against all aggression are already explicit (the failure has only been the failure to carry them out), it follows that a proposal for revision of the statutes means a proposal to liquidate or weaken the existing universal obligations. That this is the British intention is made clear by the semi-official discussion developing. The Vansittart Plan of the Foreign Office, of which unofficial reports have appeared, proposes a division of regional obligations, i.e., once again the separation of Western Europe from Central and Eastern Europe. Lord Lothian, in close touch with official opinion, has directly stated the aim to liquidate Articles 10 and 16:

> The only honorable and practical course for us is to give notice at once that after two years we shall no longer accept the automatic and universal obligation to go to war contained in Articles 10 and 16. (In the *Times*, April 29, 1936).

On this basis Germany would be invited to rejoin the League, after its character as an instrument for the prevention of war had been removed, i.e., after the obstacles presented by its Covenant to the Nazi war offensive had been removed.

So develops the present official line of British foreign policy, proclaimed by Baldwin in his speech in the House of Commons on June 18: (1) to secure an Anglo-French-German agreement; (2) to revise, i.e., weaken, the Covenant of the League of Nations; (3) to pursue the present Anglo-German negotiations in order to reach this objective.

It is clear that we here come very close to the traditional objective of British foreign policy throughout the post-war period, to realize the bloc of Western Imperialism under British leadership, with its front turned against the Soviet Union. It is noticeable that Baldwin's advocacy of an Anglo-French-German bloc in his speech of June 18 was immediately combined with a direct attack on Communism as "a creed of violence and force."

This policy is not yet consciously formulated by more than a reactionary section. The many conflicting cross-currents, including the ultimate menace to British interests of Hitler's expansion, produce many zigzags. But the policy of the National Government

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moves increasingly in this direction, which means in its practical effect cooperation with the Hitler offensive and smoothing the path to war.

In this situation the line and strength of the opposition to the foreign policy of the National Government becomes of cardinal importance. For the line of cooperation with Hitler and repudiation of collective security is in direct conflict with the sentiment of the overwhelming majority of the population. The National Government won its majority at the general election last autumn only by its loud proclamations of devotion to the principle of collective security, and by the capitulation of the Labor Party, which accepted those proclamations at face value and declared its unity with the foreign policy of the National Government instead of fighting it. Since then, the inner situation of the National Government has greatly weakened. It has been heavily discredited by its role in the Italo-Ethiopian war and final ignominious retreat. It has been further discredited by internal scandals, in particular the budget-leakage scandal, necessitating the disappearance of Thomas from public life. Discontent in the ranks of its supporters has grown. The field is open for an overwhelming movement, if working-class unity were realized, if the opposition forces were united, and if a single fighting program for peace and for the demands of the masses were adopted, to gather strength and bring about the downfall of the Government.

The opposition forces are, however, at present disunited by the Labor Party's still continuing refusal of working-class unity; and in the field of foreign policy the opposition, represented by the Liberal, Labor, and peace forces, still reveals considerable confusion, which plays into the hands of the National Government. A host of conflicting tendencies occupy the field.

First, the Lloyd George section, dominating official Liberalism, while placing in the forefront the attack on the National Government for its betrayal of collective security over Italy and Ethiopia, combines with it a pro-Hitler line. Since the advent of Hitler to power, Lloyd George has been the principal advocate of support of Hitler as the bulwark against Communism, and the principal opponent of French policy. Even in his speech of denunciation of the National Government on June 18 for its betrayal of the League and collective security in respect to Ethiopia, he went out of his way to repudiate the same principles in respect to Central Europe:

> There is one thing the people of this country have made up their minds definitely about. Whatever Government is in power, they will never go to war again for an Austrian quarrel.

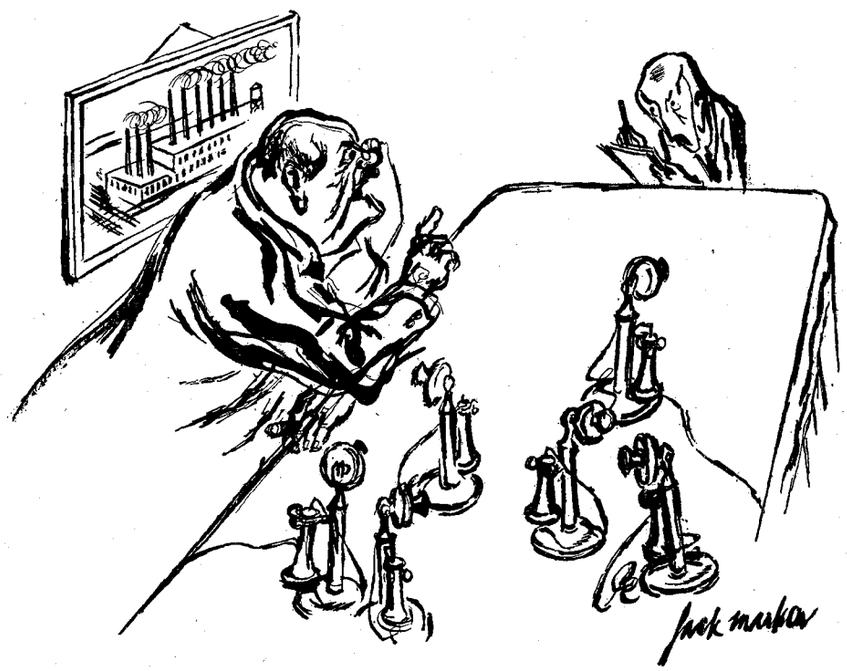
Second, the main body of official "League of Nations" pacifists, as represented by the Executive of the League of Nations Union, by Lord Cecil, etc., while taking a formal stand for the principles of the Covenant and general collective security and advancing at last from its former neutrality to direct conflict with the National Government over the Italo-Ethiopian issue, has remained extremely chary of touching the burning issue of the Hitler war offensive, and has given considerable encouragement to the conceptions of conciliation of Hitler by redistribution of raw material supplies and colonies.

Third, the considerable body of abstract, Christian, and "non-resistance" pacifists, by turning the fight against the League of Nations and collective security as embodying the menace of war, and by advocating an isolationist policy, play into the hands of the fascist war offensive and its system of the "localization of war." A variant of this school is represented by the Independent Labor Party, which in fact continues its old abstract pacifism under a new dress of "revolutionary" phrases, turning all its attack against collective security (with the speeches of its leadership applauded and quoted by the *Daily Mail* and objectively assisting the fascist war offensive.

Fourth, an extreme right-wing section of the Labor Party leadership also shows pro-Hitler and anti-Soviet tendencies, directly attacking the Franco-Soviet Pact as a military alliance threatening war, pleading for "justice" for Hitler, welcoming the Hitler "Peace" Plan as a "great opportunity for peace," etc. This line has received direct expression in the *Daily Herald*. It has aroused overwhelming protest from the working-class movement. Under pressure of this protest, it has had to be partially modified; and the recent official declaration of policy of the National Council of Labor calls for a common stand of Britain, France, the Soviet Union, and the smaller states on the basis of the League against the fascist war offensive. The Labor Party leadership, however, has so far only weakly opposed the general line of foreign policy of the National Government; and by resisting working-class unity, both in Britain and internationally, it has weakened the front against the fascist war offensive.

As against these tendencies of confusion and weakening of the front, the line of fight for the collective peace front, for the independent mass struggle for peace, for collective security on the basis of the League Covenant, the Franco-Soviet Pact, and the peace policy of the Soviet Union, and against the fascist war-makers, against the National Government's policy of betrayal of collective security and support of the fascist war-makers, wins increasing support from the mass of the working-class movement. This has been shown in recent trade-union conferences and local conferences and support has come from wide sections of the peace movement, as the proceedings of the National Peace Congress at Leeds in June illustrated.

The decisive question now turns on the possibility of mobilizing in time and uniting the entire forces of the working class movement and all the popular forces supporting peace against the foreign policy of the National Government and for the line of the collective peace front. If this fight can be carried through to victory in Britain, the strength of the collective peace front will be sufficient to check the further development of the fascist war offensive in Europe and to open the way to a rapid transformation of the world situation. This struggle, centering round the ever more dangerous foreign policy of the National Government, which is paving the way to new world war, is now approaching its most critical stage in Britain.



"Hitler or no Hitler, Mr. War Minister, giving gas masks to everybody will mean we can't gas strikers." *Markow*

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Nineteen Years After

II—Trans-Siberian Express

LEV YASKIN

EN ROUTE TO CHITA.

NOW that I am in the Soviet Union —back in my homeland after being away since 1917—the impressions and thoughts I have are so many and come and go so quickly that I shall have trouble trying to get them all down on paper.

Before anything else, let me hark back to a few impressions of Manchuria of which I have been reminded by the sharp contrast here. First, I don't think I conveyed to you the sense of restlessness, of rootlessness, of temporariness, of nervousness which characterized Manchuria from Harbin up to the border. I had a special opportunity to sense it at Manchuli, where I had a day to spend just wandering around. The very reason I had a day to kill there is typical of the whole situation.

The Trans-Siberian Express leaves Manchuli for the West twice weekly, and its leaving time is six hours later than the time the train from Harbin is supposed to pull in—ample time to make connections, you would think. But on the advice of Cook & Sons in Tientsin I went up a day early, giving myself thirty hours' leeway. The reason is this: the Harbin-Manchuli train, under Japanese direction, frequently (usually, in fact!) is too late to connect with the Trans-Siberian Express. The Japanese say this is because of the storms—a reason which may be valid in winter, but it seems no reason at all in the sunny spring weather we've been having. My own opinion is that the Japanese are not at all interested in making travel from Manchuria into the U.S.S.R easy or convenient or speedy. And it was a good thing I arrived a day early, because the train the next day was late and the Trans-Siberian travelers had to cool their heels three or four days in godforsaken Manchuli.

I call it godforsaken for good reason. It's good farming country, but no farming to speak of, no settled life. All the visible activity is purely military. Knots of soldiers roam the streets; sentries are everywhere. The houses are mostly empty and dilapidated; here and there a hungry-looking cow grazes. I stopped overnight at a small hotel run by White Russians—a surprisingly satisfactory place, considering the run-down character of the town. In the hotel all sorts of vague stories circulate as to why these particular Whites escaped from the Soviet Union —one person's father was a famous scientist, and so was persecuted; the manager, who spoke fairly good English, was full of half-told stories of the Red terror and so on. But all these stories seemed to lack convincingness —there seemed no real reason in what they told *for* what they told. And especially they kept warning everyone to take plenty of food along with them. (It was good business for them.) The whole atmosphere was one of mingled decay and nervousness and restless futility—and always and everywhere the abandoned houses—some of them were real mansions once—and the little Japanese soldiers.

Our baggage was checked as we left by White Russian inspectors, who subjected the foreigners, American and English and others, to no special inconvenience, but who went through the Soviet Russians' belongings with a fine-tooth comb. White Russian guards rode on the train for some minutes out of Manchuli, and then the train stopped and they were let off—the actual frontier.

One is nervous with anticipation approaching Otpor, on the Soviet side of the border. The train crawls slowly over the frontier—a couple of log houses appear here and there; then some workers busy putting up a frame building, then a few Red army men in their odd peaked caps, very Mongolian-looking, the first I have ever seen in real life although I have seen them many times in photographs. At last the station—the U.S.S.R.—the workers' republic. In Shanghai and elsewhere in the East one hears so many contradicting tales about the Bolsheviks—the "Bolshies"—that one is expecting the worst: no food, starving people, rude customs guards, the possibility of arrest, etc. Without retouching the colors one way or the other, I will try to give you my day-to-day impressions.

At the station a good-looking Red commander came aboard and took away our passports. He looked quite civilized and was more than polite to the passengers—which must have been quite a relief to Lady B——, who is traveling with a French maid, a companion, and 143 (no more, no less; every passenger was made well aware of that) pieces of luggage. She is on her way—with a lot of food she bought in Manchuria—to get "impressions" of the Soviet Union. The customs examiners were very efficient, not petty at all. As you know, I have quite a lot of stuff with me, but I got off easy. And Lady B——'s 143 pieces of luggage took only twenty-five minutes. Nearly all the other passengers brought a lot of food, too, but I have decided to trust the Bolshies—I bought food tickets at the Shanghai office of Centrosoyus (the Soviet co-operative organization) and decided to let it go at that. Well, our first meal here was excellent, and I guess I am not going to go hungry. The first few natives I have come across were well dressed —that is, by what I know of Russian standards—and seemed well fed.

Let me tell you my first main impression: in sharp contrast to Manchuria, and to what I was led to expect, it is one of a settled country, where people are digging in and making a real, solid life. Buildings are being erected; you see a lot of cattle and pigs and well-kept farms. And while the military is much in evidence here, too, the countryside is obviously and industriously cultivating the arts of peace.

EN ROUTE TO IRKUTSK.

The compartment in which we travel, that is my fellow-traveler, who is an Englishman, and I, is quite comfortable and compares favorably with a Pullman. In our car all are foreigners, which is quite a disadvantage to me. I picked up some chat with Russians here and there, but so far everybody seems reticent with the "Americanetz."

The Japanese ambassador is still with us, and out of the car windows we have been seeing some sights that must be very interesting to him. Hundreds and hundreds—maybe I should say thousands—of freight cars have been rolling eastward past us, loaded with military equipment, field kitchens, motor trucks, etc. And once, not far from the border, we passed something strange, which looked like a long yellow snake, stretching across the plains and hills to the horizon in both directions. It was a concrete trench—it looked to me like a part of the system of defenses. And on the question of the system of defenses, there's another interesting thing going on in the Soviet border regions. Everyone is learning Japanese!

Prices for everything eatable seem quite high, based on the rate of exchange which we are allowed, that is, five to one. A bottle of soda water costs 80 kopecks, an apple one ruble, a small orange 2.5 rubles. Here I have to admit that my idea about the excellence of Russian fruit—that is, its wonderful tang, of which I was telling you, must have been the result of my romantic imagination—or maybe the fruit deteriorated since my childhood days. Whatever the reason, the fruit which I have tasted so far does not compare at all with that in the States.

Luckily my food tickets entitle me to all the meals at a flat rate of $3 per diem. The food is good, though no caviar is served—I mean the black; the red is plentiful. At each station droves of people come over to our dining car, mostly workers and soldiers, and

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buy boxed candy, fruit, and other delicacies freely, paying the full rate—they seem to have plenty of money. Men in ordinary workers' clothes come to the diner for meals. On the stations people seem well fed, though very drably dressed.

IRKUTSK.

I have to cancel what I have said before about caviar. We didn't get any at the first two meals, but since then it is served at every meal—and what caviar! large fresh grayish eggs practically unsalted—each portion the size of about four-fifths of the tiny tins you used to get for me.

On the train one car is occupied by children of Paul's and Grischa's ages. They are being sent for their health from Chita to the Crimea (think of the distance!). True, they are the offspring of the rank-and-file officers of the Siberian army, but I was told that it is a regular sight on the railway to see children of workers being sent in groups for their health to the South, some 6,000 miles away. They remain there three to four months, or longer, and then return home. The expense is borne by the factory, kolhoz, or by the military division of the neighborhood.

Met two Red army officers. Their first question about America was about the Scottsboro case and what is the reaction of American public opinion to it. I tried to explain the background of the South to them and why such cases are possible in our country. They seemed to know all about Jim-Crow laws, etc., but it was difficult to put into their heads why the American proletariat does not rise in revolt against such an injustice.

In Eastern Siberia, especially near Chita-Irkutsk, I could not discern any change in the clothes of the people in comparison with twenty years ago. As we got west towards Moscow the people's clothes seem to improve, especially the women's—here and there a fine fur coat, a modish hat, even some silk stockings. Clothes or no clothes, almost everyone has pink and red lacquer-covered nails. The military, of course, are all well dressed, even slightly swanky. The government, knowing of the Russian fondness for uniforms and distinctive badges, has created a different uniform for every kind of service, so that a Russian does not have to ask another what his occupation is—he just looks at his uniform or badge. Of course, the military have the greatest variety of uniforms and nearly all wear very fancy "Galliffet" breeches quite similar to those of swanky French officers, you know those very puffy kind. Smartness of attire seems to be the order of the day and everyone connected with the government (and who is not in this land of Soviets?) tries to be nattily attired. The bourgeois luxuries seem to be spreading and I have seen a man on the station in Krasnoyarsk leading a thoroughbred pointer, also a woman with a Pekinese lap-dog in her arms.

For days our route was amongst endless snows. But overnight the snow disappeared and we are now rolling in a fertile plain covered with Karelian birches with the spring sun playing in their branches—spring signs everywhere, the snow having disappeared as if by magic.

Yesterday I travelled for a whole day with the manager of a kolhoz. He gave me his biography—the usual thing—son of poor peasants, first to join the kolhoz movement in the neighborhood, went to country school, worked hard, and eventually was elected president of the kolhoz. They have 112 families now. In the beginning it was a tough job, because the peasants could not forget their habits of private ownership—they would tend better their former "own" cattle, and in general act unco-operatively. Of course, the system works much better now and the particular object of the president's trip to the District Center was to obtain a dynamo and other electrical equipment for his kolhoz—can you imagine peasants in far-off Eastern Siberia having their houses lit by electricity? There is also the reverse side of the picture—the railroad men, for instance. A conductor gets 250 rubles per month. With this money he has to feed and dress himself and family. Not much, if you consider that the cost of bread is 75 kopecks per pound.

This is a country of log houses. From the Manchurian border to the Urals, which we are crossing just now, it is one long string of houses built of heavy logs. Some of the passengers think them drab, but to me they are always charming. I surely prefer them to the corrugated-tin houses cluttering the approaches to American cities.

In less than 24 hours we will be in Moscow. Whenever in my past day-dreams I imagined my return to this city, my excitement would become so great that it would awaken me to my actual surroundings, a New York street, or the deck of a Pacific steamer. I therefore cannot understand why I am so quiet now that my dream is nearing realization. I am no more excited than if I were approaching Peiping, or Shanghai.

My next letter will be from Moscow, but before I stop I want to tell you the single most striking experience I have had—striking in the sense that to me it means a whole radical, revolutionary, upside-down change in the character of the Russian peasant—which to me means the Russian people.

At a small way-station between Chita and Irkutsk I was out walking on the platform to stretch my legs. A peasant standing nearby overheard me speak a few words of Russian to the trainman. The muzhik approached me and, addressing me as *Grazhdanin*—Citizen (not the old *Barin*—Master mind you, in spite of my white collar and necktie), began to tell me how he had missed his train and was in trouble, and would I give him a couple of rubles. His breath stank of vodka and he was obviously trying to panhandle me for more drink money. At that point another ordinary peasant in sheepskins pulled him by the sleeve, saying *"Stydno, Mytjka, nashu Sovietskuyu rodyinu pered inostranszami sramit."* Which, translated, means: "Shame on you, Mytjka, for besmirching our Soviet fatherland before foreigners." Now this may sound simple to you, and what one might expect. But to me it is an earth-shaking change. It means that the individual Russian peasant now recognizes himself as a functional part of his nation and as its representative before the world. Such a thing would have been laughable, unheard-of, insane in the Russia in which I grew up. To me it carries the whole meaning of the change since the revolution. And to me it is now a remarkable, heroic change.

(*To be continued*)

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ROBERT W. DUNN.

On Aldous Huxley

Attached is the blank [see Page 18 of this issue.—EDS.] to show your prospective advertisers that one $3000-a-year man will buy from Rogers Peet more readily if they change from the H. T. to the N. M.

What really prompts this letter is Granville Hicks's recent leniency with Aldous Huxley; but now that I've started I don't know if I've got the strength to go on. My indignation over *Eyeless in Gaza* burned itself out in twenty-four hours after I had closed it; what matters one more tortured case of self-abuse on the part of an upper-class intellectual? . . . You see, I've a long-standing grudge against Aldous: long ago, as a young technician with a perfect faith in machines, I read *Brave New World.* It left me sick at heart, fair game for the Agrarians, the Technocrats, all the glib theorists who blame "the machines." It took me years to find how to wade through Krutch and his *Modern Temper;* I swooned in the pathos of the young scientist in *Kamongo;* I even fingered the frayed edges of Spengler. But I had got out of their clutches before Alexis Carrel discovered *Man, the Unknown.* To get back to Aldous, though. Hicks says he "has always been a serious truthseeker"; I wonder if that's exactly the correct thing to say about a man who deliberately avoids the whole body of Marxist interpretation. In this Eyeless affair, he has alternate essays in which he shows the amazing amount of reading he has done in an effort to work out his own special cosmography; it isn't possible that he missed all the Marxians. He just left them out. He takes a mean little thrust at the Webbs; his "communists" are incredible. In other words, the class character of his thinking seemed patent to me—more patent than in any previous work.

So there: I'm for cutting short his reprieve. He's had plenty of time to make up his mind, and far more facilities than most of us. Hicks notes a certain progress; towards what? A mystic creed of self-sufficiency, of "individual responsibility" that struck me as being appallingly near (for Aldous) neo-fascism.

Reading this *Gaza* treadmill made me realize also that Aldous ain't even the artist I used to think him. When the best elements in world literature are moving steadily towards an acceptance of collective responsibility towards social action, why spare a man who either can't or won't do likewise? The frustration I sense at Jones Beach, of a Sunday, can only be analyzed in terms of collective experience. Here the middle class disports itself; it is well fed, well dressed, well sexed, well exercised. What further development of these bathers' personality is possible on an individual basis? None, of course; and any first-rate artist should sense it. There are definite limits to methods of copulation, creation of salads, postures for dancing; they have all been tried and still no extension of the personality has been achieved. Contrast that to a collective experience like the past May Day demonstration. Even an architect like myself can see the difference.

If Mr. Huxley would give up nude sun-bathing with his mistress for a moment, he would be in much less danger of being spattered with the entrails of fox terriers (which nowadays are being dropped from airplanes along the Riviera); moreover he might catch a glimpse of some of the turmoil on the streets below, where modistes and bellboys are demonstrating for a decent living. Until then I'm for less of a glad hand for Aldous.

J. M. F.

A New Common Noun

After the war between the states in 1861, a new word crept into the vocabulary of certain of those living south of the Mason and Dixon line. By obvious steps "damn" and "Yankee" joined to make "damyankee." The war between the classes, I submit, has now produced its parallel neologism in the language of those who live on the balmier side of the Dun and Bradstreet line. Evidence is on hand everywhere, but for efficient concentration I choose one day's issue of the New York *Times.*

Exhibit one: "Blame for the strike is being placed by the government [of Belgium] on *foreign agitators,* many of whom have been arrested."

Exhibit two: "In Algeria, officials said agricultural workers in some sections plundered the countryside led by *foreign agitators.*"

Exhibit three: "The Sheriff told the Governor [of Arkansas] that 'the only trouble we have in Crittenden County is from a bunch of *foreign agitators* who are there interfering.'"

Will you please forward this gloss to H. L. Mencken to include in the next edition of his *American Language?* You will thus aid this almost forgotten intellectual pug to have one more moment of notoriety by scooping all the philologists! Or am I mixing my metaphors?

YORICK.

For Philadelphians

We feel that our organization, the League of Women Shoppers, would be of particular interest to your readers who live in and around Philadelphia.

We have the same aims and are a branch of the League of Women Shoppers of New York, an organization about whose fine work your readers undoubtedly know.

We would appreciate it if you would publish this letter in your columns so that any of your readers who would be interested in joining our organization would be able to get in touch with us at our headquarters in Philadelphia, 111 South 21st Street. The telephone number is LOcust 0873.

Our next meeting will take place Tuesday, August 4, at 2:30 p.m. We meet regularly on the first Tuesday of the month.

Thank you for your courtesy in publishing this letter.

DOROTHY WAYS, *Chairman.*

Minority Parties and the Ballot

Civil liberties in Illinois are becoming very seriously threatened. To put a "minority" party's state ticket on the ballot, it is necessary this year to collect 10,000 signatures of voters who have not voted in the primaries, to be distributed 200 each from fifty different counties. Fifteen thousand more at large must be collected in the state, making 25,000 in all. Illinois had an exceptionally large primary vote last April, and many of those fifty counties have a population so scattered that it is difficult to find 200 voters, let alone those not voting in the primaries. So putting the state ticket on the ballot is no small task.

It is a task we are facing, but now another task arises out of a rank misinterpretation of the law by the attorney-general, which will necessitate a stiff fight to put our presidential candidates on the ballot at all. The attorney-general has ruled that 25,000 signatures will also be required to put presidential candidates on the ballot, although the law states clearly that only a nominating convention is required.

The Communist Party of Illinois has started a campaign against this ruling, is circulating petitions protesting this arbitrary construction of the law as a denial of a fundamental democratic right to all working-class parties, and urges that all lovers of democracy join in this fight for a full expression of the political views of the people.

Protests should be sent to Otto Kerner, attorney-general, Springfield, Illinois.

JACK MARTIN, *manager,*
Election Campaign Commission.

Sinclair Lewis and the Post

Although we have never read Sinclair Lewis's *It Can't Happen Here,* we've been under the impression that it was unequivocally anti-fascist. However, after listening to the New York *Post's* announcement (Station WOR, July 8, 8 p.m.) of the serializing of the novel, we've been put in doubt as to just exactly where Mr. Lewis does stand.

The announcer took pains to exemplify the fact that it *can* happen here by coupling Hitler and Stalin as the proponents of dictatorships which assumed power by deceptively promising everything from "Norman Thomas's to Coolidge's promises" (the announcer's words).

It seems to us that the *Post* is using the book as propaganda against Roosevelt as well as against Soviet Russia instead of against fascism as it was presumably intended.

Does Mr. Lewis intend to continue straddling the fence and do nothing about this gross distortion of the purpose of his book?

We feel that the NEW MASSES should publish something about Mr. Lewis's position (if you know it) and about the *Post's* hypocritical position in regard to its publication of his book.

L. G. and K. B.

[The New York *Post* is against fascism, against communism, and for Roosevelt. Sinclair Lewis is clearly against fascism, but very confused about communism. The *Post* is presumably publishing *It Can't Happen Here* to warn its readers against what may happen here if the Landon-Hearst crowd wins. Its editorials are often pro-labor and pro-Soviet. If, as the letter published above indicates, its promotion of the Lewis serial has an anti-labor, anti-Soviet bias, progressive *Post* readers ought to protest sharply.—THE EDITORS.]

An Appeal

The New York Division of the American League Against War and Fascism is holding its Anti-War Parade for 1936 on August 15th through Yorkville.

We would appreciate it very much if you could insert a notice in your correspondence section, asking for assistance to the Committee arranging this Parade. We are sure that the readers of the NEW MASSES would respond to such a call.

Please ask that they address all inquiries to Miss Frieda Ludwig, Secretary Anti-War Parade Committee, American League Against War and Fascism, 45 East 17th Street, Room 411. Telephone: Algonquin 4-9290.

FRIEDA LUDWIG, Secretary.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Advertising as Literature

THE earliest advertisements discovered, according to the editor of this volume,* are the cave drawings in France which are dated around 23,000 B.C. In Mr. Frederick's interpretation these drawings advertised the hunting prowess of the artists, hunting being the major industry of the period. Fortunately he does not pursue too far this line which has led others into awarding posthumous doctorates of advertising [illegible]us, Dante, Shakespeare, etc., and [illegible] even inscriptions upon tombs [illegible]ertising copy. The bulk of Mr. Frederick's editorial introduction is devoted to a history and a defense of advertising as we know it today. The history is brief but impressive: the defense is specious, evading the chief issues.

Modern display advertising is about thirty years old. Before then the patent-medicine manufacturers were almost the sole users of display space, and gave advertising a traditional and not exactly antiseptic odor. How the industry progressed may be seen in these comparative figures: In 1880 the advertising industry did a business of thirty million dollars; in 1925 it turned over one billion, two hundred million dollars.

At this point Mr. Frederick leaves his role as historian to take the stand as defense attorney. This billion, two hundred thousand dollars, he insists, is not an extra charge on American industry. It is only a part of the selling costs, the total of which has gone down in proportion to other costs in spite of the huge outlay for advertising. And advertising has been a good salesman fully earning its pay. It has increased American desires and demands until the whole American standard of living has been raised to a point never achieved before in human history and unknown as yet to any other people on the globe. "Advertising," Mr. Frederick says, "is the only efficient tool available to accomplish the much needed purpose of raising the buying power and consumption standards of the world to the level of the rapidly mounting capacity for production." Mr. Frederick's gaze, apparently, was on more transcendental things when this tool, along with other tools of the capitalist system, stopped working in 1929.

To counter the accusation that advertising raises luxuries to the status of necessities, and turns people into spendthrifts, Mr. Frederick asks first, what is wrong with wanting and getting silk stockings? and almost persuades you that the desire for silk stockings is a token of moral grandeur; and he adds that the vast, substitute window-shopping for the masses, made possible by advertising, especially for those in isolated communities, renders people market wise, discriminating, independent, gives them "character." It enables them to share in civilization.

We know the civilization Mr. Frederick is thinking of, the civilization of big business of which advertising is a notable part, being, among other things, its court minstrel. Few of the processes of this capitalist order have contributed so effectively toward establishing in the American mind the prestige, the power, the success of big business. When the *Saturday Evening Post* thinned down, through loss of advertising, when such a big advertising carrier as the New York *Times* went down to twenty-odd pages, people became alarmed. The giant, they saw, was tottering.

Mr. Frederick never once mentions the depression. One would assume that in a brief thirty-year history such a major event would have had a profound effect, even from a narrow professional viewpoint, upon markets, copy attitudes, buying and selling habits, etc. But Mr. Frederick and his twenty-four companions in the volume dutifully shut eyes, ears, and mouths upon it, refusing to acknowledge the evil. We are told about the average per capita wealth of $3,000 but not a word about the millions unemployed, about the nearly sixty millions living below the health bureau's subsistence standard, about the *declining* standard of living not only of workers but of the formerly well off. Not one of the twenty-five—even those who dilate upon the importance of research—apparently has read the most recent census findings which show that 60 percent of the *independent business men* of America have been reduced to an annual turnover of $10,000 or less which means an annual income of $1,000 or less. Instead the system is seen with the same uncritical rhetoric that Mr. Robert H. Davis uses in speaking of the printing press in the motto page which opens the book.

> I am the printing press, born of the mother earth. My heart is of steel, my limbs are of iron, and my fingers are of brass.
>
> I sing the songs of the world, the oratorios of history, the symphonies of all time.
>
> I inspire the midnight toiler weary at his loom to lift his head again and gaze with fearlessness into the vast beyond, seeking the consolation of a hope eternal.
>
> I am light, knowledge, power. I epitomize the conquests of mind over matter.
>
> Etc., etc., etc.

Into this heavenly printing press Mr. Frederick somehow manages to fit Mr. Hearst, Mr. Macfadden, and their colleagues. He writes: "T[illegible] prestige of genius like S[illegible] and others; the men [illegible] periodicals of wide [illegible] Hearst, or the late [illegible] men who because of [illegible] manity, like Lloyd George or the [illegible] row Wilson, or men who pay for [illegible] Campbell, Wrigley, Armour—all of t[illegible]re *word masters*. To call one a writer and the other an advertiser; one a statesman and the other a seller of merchandise, is after all, a very faint distinction without a difference."

Insensitiveness to these distinctions may be the secret of the success of these twenty-five big shots in the advertising game, but it does not make for clear thinking.

II

These twenty-five advertising copy writers write on the whole well and, within the restricted field of their subjects, speak sense. A few are too clever; a few are rather sentimental. Mr. Frederick, writing upon "The Research Basis of Copy," offers perhaps, to practising copywriters, the most useful piece; Helen Woodward, writing on "The Sales Power of Good Copy as Demonstrated in Book Advertising," offers the most stimulating ideas. Yet there is a disappointing lack of speculation regarding the social function of advertising, regarding its relation to literature. From the formal point of view such discussion might be considered irrelevant to the subjects assigned to or chosen by them, yet there is space given up to less relevant and less useful speculation regarding humanity, man's eternal quests, etc. Yet by indirection and unconsciously most of these writers give a social judgment. They show plainly enough that they are uncomfortable in their relationship with the public; uncomfortable in their relation to literature, and that they sense artificiality in their role.

There is an almost hysterical emphasis on truthfulness by these writers who can seldom write the truth; on simplicity by writers who must rack their brains working out new tricks, and new turns in old tricks, to attract reader attention; on humanity, by writers who must forget the common interest of humanity in the service of dividend hunters. In almost every one of the twenty-five articles the sincerity-simplicity-humanity note is sounded—seem sincere, be human, be simple and direct. There is even an article listing ways in which an impression of truth ("building up believability") can be given. These include the use of exact figures (figures don't lie), proper names, localisms, guarantees, and a cultured, dignified tone in the copy on the theory that the masses have faith in people with an air of culture and breeding.

From all this stress on sincerity, one gath-

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* *Masters of Advertising Copy, Principles and Practice of Copy Writing According to its Leading Practitioners. Edited by J. George Frederick. New York. The Business Bourse, Publisher.* $3.

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ers that the advertising copywriter is in no very secure frame of mind. This is further borne out by frequent references to religion and to the Bible. One writer satisfies his conscience over having to rhapsodize over "things" by saying, "I find thousands of references in the Bible to the commonest things of life." Bruce Barton, as usual, solves the problem at once by inducting Jesus into the American Advertisers' Association. Another cites the twenty-third psalm as a perfect specimen of advertising copy. One of the reasons offered for its excellence is that it promises so much. Throughout, this religious justification is caught at. One would imagine that science would offer more realistic, more progressive sanctions. One would expect that the example of the Soviet Union where sanitation, education, the advantage of modern industry are "sold" to the people by the use of modern advertising techniques, would furnish the justifications they so obviously crave. These successful copywriters, however, are apparently too closely tied to this system even to eye another. We therefore have the irony of seeing religious consolation grasped at where scientific sense would serve, by men and women who belong to a group notorious for their sophistication.

III

Here and there another curious inferiority complex crops out. There is approving comment, for instance, on an anonymous article published some time ago in the *Atlantic Monthly* which stated that some of the best writing of our time appeared in advertising columns. Some time ago a big advertising agency held an exhibition called, I think, "Art of the Word," in which the literary values in advertising copy were demonstrated both in specimens of advertising copy and through comparison with other traditional literary forms. I myself recall a good deal of advertising copy with admiration, especially a booklet to advertisers issued by the New York *Daily News,* captioned, "Tell It to Sweeney—The Vanderbilts Don't Care," which had as much persuasion in it as the most dulcet piece of prose I can think of. But advertising copywriters know that one necessary literary element is lacking in their craft —the same sincerity so yearningly referred to in this book.

In a society where advertising would be a social function sincerity would come naturally. But advertising is a social function in this society only at second hand. It is first an instrument for profit making. At best an advertising man is a good ghost-writer for a good business man—and ghost-writing has not, that I know of, in spite of varied and extensive practice, produced much literature. Nevertheless the advertising writer does not give up literature without a qualm. There was pathos, for me, in an admiring comment in one of the articles, upon a successful advertising writer who had *also* just signed a contract for his second novel. Very likely the novels were inconsequential, but in the eyes of the average advertising man, that was *writing;* advertising copy was not writing. Yet there is no question that in a society where advertising will perform a social service, sincerity and true—not manufactured—fervor will be possible to it, and it will be a recognized branch of literature.

But writers have more than personal frustration at copy desks to charge against advertising. Advertising, by becoming the principal revenue of publications, has changed the whole function of newspapers and magazines. The former are no longer in any real sense organs of public opinion; the latter no longer are literary mediums. The sale of circulation to advertisers rather than of literature to readers has become the business motive of magazines. The effect has been to professionalize and standardize popular writing, leaving the genuinely creative writer without a public, and driving him into the constricted and too frequently dead-end bypaths of the "little" magazines.

The trouble was not so much that literature became a business, but that it was abandoned as a business. When it became more profitable for magazines to sell advertising rather than literature, the work it published was regarded as filler, and the principal qualities required of it were that it offend nobody and say nothing that might break down the reader's buying mood. Obviously, writing produced to fit such psychological limitations can only by rare accident be literature.

The damage to literature has been great. For a long time, before the development of large-scale advertising, the magazine was the traditional nursery of talent. The great prose masters of the last century and a half were developed and supported by the magazines, getting through the magazines, audience and income. Contemporary creative writers are deprived of both. Book publishing has somewhat filled the gap, but book publishing reaches only a tiny minority and does not support more than a handful of writers. To make their living, writers are driven from creative work to Broadway and Hollywood hack-writing, to advertising, newspaper and copy desks.

In a socialist society there is no bar to any of these becoming branches of literature. But in America they become graveyards of talent. They produce dead matter and their practitioners gasp for "sincerity" as drowning men gasp for air. Mr. Frederick explains the exclusion of specimen pieces of copy by his masters of advertising copy by saying that, "like hats, advertisements go out of style." What he may mean, if I can take the liberty of interpreting, is that the advertising tricks used to simulate sincerity need constant changing and in old advertisements the trickery becomes embarrassingly apparent.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

The Revolutionary Fringe

THE BEAUTIES AND FURIES, by Christina Stead. Appleton-Century Company. $2.

A NOVEL of the intensity and fascination of *The Beauties and Furies* humbles a reviewer. If Christina Stead is a master of English prose, she is also a fugitive from ready interpretation; and if her novel is a stunning reading experience, it is largely inexplicable without solid penetration during a general time-perspective. One may review *The Beauties and Furies* as briefly or as fully as possible, recording simply the presence of its major components or attempting to analyze the complexities of its style, philosophy, intellectual flights, patterns of language and character construction; relating them to Miss Stead's previous books (*Seven Poor Men of Sidney, The Salzburg Tales*); her childhood and maturity in Australia; her commercial experiences in Europe; her functions as secretary of the British delegation to the recent World Congress in Defense of Culture; and the pattern of her philosophic evolution as implied in the sequence of her publications and of this novel, partly composed in 1929 and re-adapted to the changed French political landscape of 1934. The present reviewer takes the method of brevity, certain that criticism must soon accept the challenge of extended discussion which Miss Stead's writings quietly build.

Without fanfare or sheer bulk of pages with which certain writers nowadays assault the public into attention, Miss Stead places four simple sets of Europeans before the reader, and proceeds to make them collide. A British petty-bourgeois triangle: Dr. Weston's comely, lumpish, runaway wife, her "quasi-Marxist" lover Fenton and their Paris entourage; the triangle of French business—the lace-jobbers, Fuseaux Brothers, and their employes, Marpurgo, of the suavely filthy tongue; actress-and-*fille de joie* Blanche and her coteries of corrosive boulevard wastrels; the Coromandel antiquarian-household on the frontier between wisdom and insanity. Four representative and usual worlds, their futures fairly predictable, collide, interpenetrate and emerge individually unchanged but confirmed in their courses and definitively illuminated. Obviously, the significance of a book of such construction depends upon the set of principles from which the illuminations derive; and it is here that Miss Stead invites the penalties of delayed appreciation. For, unless the reader is continuously alert, he may wake up to find himself sidetracked from the main course of the novel: the series of carefully integrated observations through which the novelist sends her message.

Her method is often a form of intellectual teasing. In a given incident the reader finds that he has been unawarely lifted off realistic ground, soaring in a realm of ideas that suggest improbable vistas, but possible and provocative ones—when suddenly the novelist pulls

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him down with a pleasant thud [illegible] proceeds gently to analyze the sense of [illegible] and advance the novel to a [illegible] of clarity. Soon the reader [illegible] the method and doubly enjoys it, only to fall under the hypnosis of a rare prose language. To criticize Miss Stead's style, needs an article in itself—rich, luscious phrases, images warm with the energies of insight; flavored, tangy, vibrant words—in sum, felt detail that intensifies the feeling and sharpens the thought. Here is no precious fancy squeezed out in a thin stream for frantic husbanding and cautious embalming—but a torrent of marvelous language, confidently controlled. The result is an intellectually lusty book, a gorgeous reading experience—but handicapped. It seems that Miss Stead constructs around each character an elaborate wall of words with patterns so arresting that the reader may forget to consider the configuration at once: the picture of a business world in action, the "sombre, nuggety little passion" of the runaway *petite bourgeoise;* but one may travel half the book before recognizing in it a study of types fringing the revolutionary movement—a ruthless hounding of these types till they are cornered and expose themselves. Marpurgo, lace-buyer, an encyclopedia of refined miscellanea, self-styled Trotskyite who demands perfectionism whenever it serves to excuse himself from action and rationalize escape; with his insistence on permanent revolutions and his hatred and fear of the younger generation whose impetuosity he must crush, since it demands action. Fenton, avowed friend of the working class, who flirts with anything that can advance his personal gratification, whose adulation of the proletarian vanguard issues from a last hope that this service will be exchanged for immunity from extinction. Before the book ends these two species of worker-lovers have exposed themselves as counterfeits, in an incident of hopeless, honest confrontation. Marpurgo to Fenton:

> I prefer to be a somnambulist. I walk on the edge of precipices safely. Awake, I tremble and run back to the skylight, enter the little attic room, never accomplish the journey. . . . We are dead, but not disintegrating. Our footprints are still in the dust of streets, they have not been swept out of buildings. . . .
>
> You are a dead soul, Oliver. You are corrupt like me. You can't be the workers' friend: You've got to be like me. You've got to be a mealy-mouth.

The prodigious writing of the first twenty-five pages is not sustained throughout the book. Indeed, the novel is spotted with some extraordinarily dull and gawky pages which look suspiciously deliberate. But Miss Stead's capacities for surprise would push along the most perfectionist reader; and reward him with a variety of unexpected bonbons in the way of parodies and excursions which at first seem pure fancies only to emerge at last as careful symbols. The Coromandel episode: three-dimensional weirdness dropped into the middle of everyday, rational Paris: a medievalism fissuring the brain-city of the world. As Shakespeare hated the feudal world but pilfered it for symbols, Christina Stead uses a contemporary alchemy to build for those who play around the edges of revolutionary realities, a relief-world into which they must plunge for delicious, somnambulist escape.

J. G. CONANT.

Wanted: A History of Russia

UNDER THE RUSSIAN CANOPY, by Dorsey D. Jones. Burgess, Minneapolis. $3.
POLITICAL AND DIPLOMATIC HISTORY OF RUSSIA, by George Vernadsky. Little, Brown & Co. $4.

THE competition announced by the Soviet government for the best textbook of Russian history was obviously motivated by a glaring gap in that field. In English the gap is felt incomparably more sorely. The two latest additions fail to fill it.

Professor Dorsey D. Jones's work may be labeled a "sympathetic" book. It contains an abundant mass of information, and, relatively speaking, tells a pretty truthful story of Russia from the very beginnings to our own day. For one thing, the book is free from a consistent bias against the Soviet regime, which vitiates the majority of non-Marxian histories of Russia since 1917. One may hope that Professor Jones's Arkansan students will come out into the world with their minds undistorted as far as the salient facts of Russia's development are concerned.

Yet with all the author's sympathetic intentions, the book is decidedly inadequate. In the first place, it lacks a unified point of view. The author, who repeatedly classes himself as a historian, did not take the trouble to go to primary sources, and to introduce unity into the chaos of facts. Instead, he has read a vast amount of, at best, secondary material, with the result of an eclectic variety of at times contradictory opinions. A glance at the bibliography shows that it is large rather than judicious. Among the books on general Russian history you find the names of Platonov, Pares, Vernadsky, Eckhardt, but not the name of the liberal historian Kornilov, let alone that of the Marxian Pokrovsky. Similarly, the list of authorities on the war and revolution includes Milyukov, Breshkovskaya, Ponafidine, Florinsky, Essad Bey, Chamberlin, Lawton, Lockhart and, as the sole concession to the "left," Trotsky. Florinsky and Chamberlin are the most often quoted authors. Ilin's *New Russia's Primer* is the only title by a Soviet writer in the list of readings on Soviet economics.

Professor Jones is fond of spectacular phraseology. Note the Hollywoodish title of the book or of such chapters as "The Stage and the Early Players," "Cross Currents and Undertows," "The Fury of Mars," "The Mirrored Stage," and the like. Side by side with this verbal gaudiness the book suffers from slipshod misspelling of names and a number of crying errors in the statement of facts. Chamberlin's *Russia's Iron Age* is responsible for a considerable amount of misstatement. The author shows a lack of discrimination in quoting questionable sources and cluttering the pages with third-rate verses. Here is an example of his *ex cathedra* style:

> In summary, it may be said that the masses are humble, not overly progressive, inconstant, intemperate, and somewhat untruthful. It is the people with these traits who hold the key to the future of the U.S.S.R., for they furnish the ever-present background of the drama enacted under the Russian canopy although the spotlight may more sensationally reveal individual heroes and heroines, villains and scoundrels.

Yet, I repeat, in essentials the book is relatively correct, and it even has the temerity to hold out hope for the future of the U.S.S.R., not without the prudent observation by way of a final touch: "as always the historian must leave the last word unsaid."

Professor Vernadsky is a trained historian and must be reckoned with as an original scholar and investigator. In his former books he made an appreciable, albeit not quite successful, effort at soft-pedaling his anti-Soviet bias. His present work is gratifyingly objective. I found in its 499 pages only one frivolous gaucherie, from the point of view of scholarship, namely his vague reference, apropos of the "famine of 1932-1933," to "some American students of Russia who have estimated the loss of life, either from sheer starvation or its immediate consequences, as amounting to five millio[illegible]" The conscience of a historian must have kept Mr. Vernadsky from naming these "st[illegible]lents"; W. H. Chamberlin's *Russia's Iron Ag[illegible]* is mentioned only in the bibliography.

As the title suggests, Vernadsky's book is a limited history. To be sure, to isolate politics and diplomacy from other historical phases and factors is as difficult as to separate the flesh from the bones in a living animal. The book, in fact, contains much more than what is promised by its title. Particularly its early chapters are valuable for a suggestive analysis of the physical background of Russian history. But even here one is aware of the author's failure to allow proper emphasis on economic factors. Throughout the book he treats Russia's internal and foreign policies without showing with sufficient clearness how much they were dictated by economic conditions. This lack of an adequate historical interpretation is the main weakness of the otherwise useful work. As far as I know it presents the first attempt at linking all of Russia's diplomatic acts, from the earliest days to the year 1935. The factual discussion of foreign relations and treaties is both lucid and suggestive of historic continuity. As for the author's deductions and generalizations, they need not always be taken seriously. For example, he states that "during the course of the nineteenth century Russia was on the whole more interested in keeping

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the *status quo* than in seeking new annexations." The imperialistic expansion in every direction, the occupation of the Caucasus, Central Asia, the Far East, and the continuous intrigues in the Near East with a view to the ultimate conquest of Constantinople and the Straits—all this he explains by "a desire of rounding out the frontier."

The treatment of internal issues is on the whole admirably fair, though of necessity succinct. One is especially pleased by Vernadsky's objective presentation of conditions in the U.S.S.R. after the war, with due emphasis on economic achievements since the inauguration of the five-year plans.

But a well-rounded and scientifically interpreted history of Russia still remains to be written. ALEXANDER DERORE.

Economists' Snug Harbor

THE MODERN ECONOMY IN ACTION, by Caroline F. Ware and Gardiner C. Means. Harcourt Brace. $1.60.

TWO university economists have written a small theoretical volume half popular, half text-book style, attempting to analyze the present economic situation. The approach is modern liberal and reformist with a faint dash of unacknowledged Marxism. It pursues the same general line as that of the Roosevelt "left" intellectuals although it is not a blurb for the New Deal. In tone the work is serious and somewhat scholarly—neither stuffy nor vivid. If you can imagine a cross between the writings of Tugwell and G. D. H. Cole, this is it.

The best part of the job concerns what amounts in fact to some central features of monopoly capitalism as illustrated by American materials, e.g., price maintenance, centralization of corporate control, rape of the small stockholder, changes in the nature of competition. These materials, which have been presented before by Dr. Means as well as others, are illuminating.

Unfortunately, the authors fail to have profited from the Leninist conception of monopoly capitalism or imperialism as the last stage of capitalism. Rather they use the cautious dodge of the "new economy" and the "old economy." By the "new economy" they clearly mean monopoly capitalism. The "old economy" appears to refer sometimes to the pre-industrial stage of small enterprisers (the day of Adam Smith) and sometimes to the factory system under *laissez-faire* capitalism of the nineteenth century.

In any event the authors fail to recognize the basic factors which characterize capitalism as a mode of production distinct from the ancient slave and feudal economies and the rising Soviet socialist economy. The result is that their "new economy" (imperialism) is given an artificially independent standing, divorced from real historical context. What should have been presented as a series of contradictions inherent in capitalism, but taking newer and sharper form in the imperialist stage, is offered instead as a totally new unbalance—a surprising disequilibrium where equilibrium reigned before. The reader would judge that crises and unemployment never existed in the heyday of *laissez-faire* and competition. Drs. Ware and Means did not perhaps intend to convey this notion, but it flows inescapably from their confusion of two stages with two systems.

Having thus mistaken the tail for the dog, our economists raise the question of what can be done. The bulk of the book is devoted to a spinning out of this same question in different forms with the answer postponed to some future discovery. Trust-busting or an attempted return to *laissez-faire* does not interest them. They are too "realistic" for such threadbare and reactionary proposals. The revolutionary program is excluded from consideration. Governmental reform leading to some sort of "democratic" (read capitalist) economic planning is the general line of their interest. New Deal devices are considered suggestive but not adequate. More research is needed. (When have we heard that before? And how can research cut through the basic material contradictions of capitalism?)

Some slight consideration of the role of classes is found in the idea that a strengthening of the forces of labor and the consumers would be desirable for the sake of the economy as a whole. Even here there is no analysis of the class position of the workers nor of the class composition of "consumers." Union-management co-operation, as illustrated by the Rocky Mountain Fuel Co. and the men's garment trades, is praised (not much nourishment here). Organized resistance to wage cuts during depression is frowned upon as contributing to "inflexibility" of the system (even less nourishment here). On the other hand, the principle of industrial unionism is given a commendation of one sentence.

The deficiencies of this book show once again the importance of basic theory. If monopoly capitalism is mistaken for mere monopoly, and if capitalism is not understood at all, it is not surprising to see liberal economists continue to grasp at the principle of "regulated monopoly." The barrenness of this as a solution has to be covered by a screen of pseudo-scientific dodges along the line that "we don't know enough yet—perhaps we'll find out." Meantime the opposing class forces are steeling for the battle.

We can be pleased that economists such as Ware and Means have not been pushed by trustees or publishers into the camp of reaction. We can use some of their materials to advantage. And we can be mildly pleased that a syllabus of their book has been prepared for the American Association of University Women. But their interpretation will provide little light and guidance to the millions who are looking for a way out of the economic jungle. ADDISON T. CUTLER.

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Hopes for Poe

TRIAL BALANCES, edited by [illegible] Winslow. Macmillan. $2.

MISS WINSLOW had an interesting responsibility here: to exhibit in one volume the work of a new generation of poets, mostly under twenty-five, whose turn it will be to record in their work our peculiar culture at its maximum intensity. They feel, having written poems perhaps for six years, most vexatiously the problem of at what point to focus their experience, which they are young at observing; then how to deal with a stubborn arrangement of words, with whose "habits," as Yvor Winters thinks, they are unfamiliar. If their editor was accurate, and these poems are their real average, they have started badly: for at least one-third of these pages are embarrassing: for example, the man who believes that

> Spring is an apple in the wind.
> Spring is madness. Spring is this to me
> And something else to you. It is the smell. . .

and goes on to speak of leprechauns.

Nearly all of the remaining two-thirds is a bright sort of collegiate enamel-ware, quite smooth and hollow. There is a lot of shiny rhetoric:

> Empale the tongue behind the mouth
> That scorches like a star.

Influences here are few: the poets have read a little (too little) Eliot, some of the poorer Hart Crane, and, to be as kind as possible, an incredible amount of Elinor Wylie, who tastes very bad in dilution. Most of the verse is very nice; there is no sweat about it; the poet is self-assured, from the scaling of easy heights. Nevertheless, there is a hideously familiar and significant undertone to many of these poems:

> The faded bone to be and the uncoiled vein,
> Being secure, and being happiest.

One reads over and over again this occupation with decay.

It is wrong to suppose that "youngish artists have a way of being melancholy," as Wallace Stevens suggests. If there is a morbid smell of destruction, it partly rises from the America where they are breathing and working. But they have little social awareness. Authentic experience, where it is present, is frequently too personal—not that this is so wrong, but even the personal reality is not true nor rich enough. A poet must force himself to see distinctly before he dares begin to write; nevertheless, there is some social conscience in poets like Ben Belitt, with his rather narrow sincerity; in George Abbe and Kerker Quinn, awkwardly and badly; and in one of James Dawson's sonnets, "Leaves on the Capitol Grass," which is small beside the power of Muriel Rukeyser's "City of Monuments," on a similar theme.

This anthology leaves no question that the two most decided left-wing poets, Hayes and Rukeyser, are the strongest and the most hopeful for poetry, which in recent years has had a tendency to compete with ceramics. It is true that Hayes is lazy, willing to indulge himself in length and skimp on intensity; but his work has skill and passionate organization. There are certain others with decided merit, Goldbaum, Belitt, Miles, Scott, Hudeberg, Norton, J. V. Cunningham especially, Stanford and Reuel Denney, whose "Norwich Hill" is the most successful poem in these pages. But Muriel Rukeyser is the most authentic talent, with great technical range, the will to attempt the large and rough, though as yet not equipped with a dramatic motor like Hayes. "The Trial," reprinted here, is not her best poem, but it contains extraordinary things like the Scottsboro jury, with "eyes like hardware."

Trial Balances is also unique for a postlude to each poet written by an individual critic. One is sure these young poets do not wish nor deserve the charming stupidities which follow their work. A few critics, particularly Stephen Benét, Babette Deutsch and William Carlos Williams, had the honesty to spit in the dessert; most of the others, some of whom are very respected figures, spread the whipped cream nice and thick. I first quote Cyrus L. Sulzberger, II:

> It was cold and damp and drear
> As Mary walked down the hill.
> Her heart sensed a numb chill,
> For winter was late that year.

Of this, one Guy Montgomery observes: "The diction is somewhat harsh, yet it is not discordant; it has the masculine firmness that deals tenderly with delicate things."

DAVID WOLFF.

Brief Review

PUBLIC OPINION AND POLITICS IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ENGLAND, by Wm. T. Laprade. Macmillan. $4. A work stacked with dubiously interesting and dubiously relevant information. The author retails as noteworthy historical happenings how the Princess had a baby, how the deposed Secretary of State tried by tawdry humor to conceal from Atterbury his chagrin, how the Earl of Halifax went to dine with the Dutch Ambassador, but was taken ill before the meal, etc. The material on the political journalism of men like Defoe, Swift, Steele, who, with varying degrees of subtlety, seem to have sold their talents outright to one party or another, is interesting and valuable. This material is dealt with in the relation between the expression of public opinion and political maneuvering. The author, however, maps this treatment via the traditional and convenient confusion between public opinion and the powerful paid press, set up by a capitalist state, to form public opinion where it is not crystallized, and pervert it where it is.

PETER YORK.

SPIVAK *is back from* CUBA

America's ace reporter just spent several weeks in the terror-gripped "Pearl of the Antilles." He found out first hand the living conditions of the people—what has happened since the present regime came into power. He talked to leaders and the rank-and-file of the underground labor and Communist movements now outlawed under the dictatorship. He spent four successive days on horse-back penetrating to the hiding places of the organized workers! He interviewed later, among others, former President Grau San Martin, who discussed the present dictatorship and the way out. John L. Spivak's dramatic series of four articles on Cuba Today begins in

Next Week's

NEW MASSES QUARTERLY ISSUE

48-Page Election Special

Partial Contents:

POLITICAL PROFILES
by Alexander Taylor, Hy Kravif, and others

THE MIDDLE CLASS AND THE ELECTION
by Joseph Freeman

FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND THE PARTIES
by Arnold Reid

A COMPARISON OF PARTY PLATFORMS
by M. R. Bendiner

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The Theater

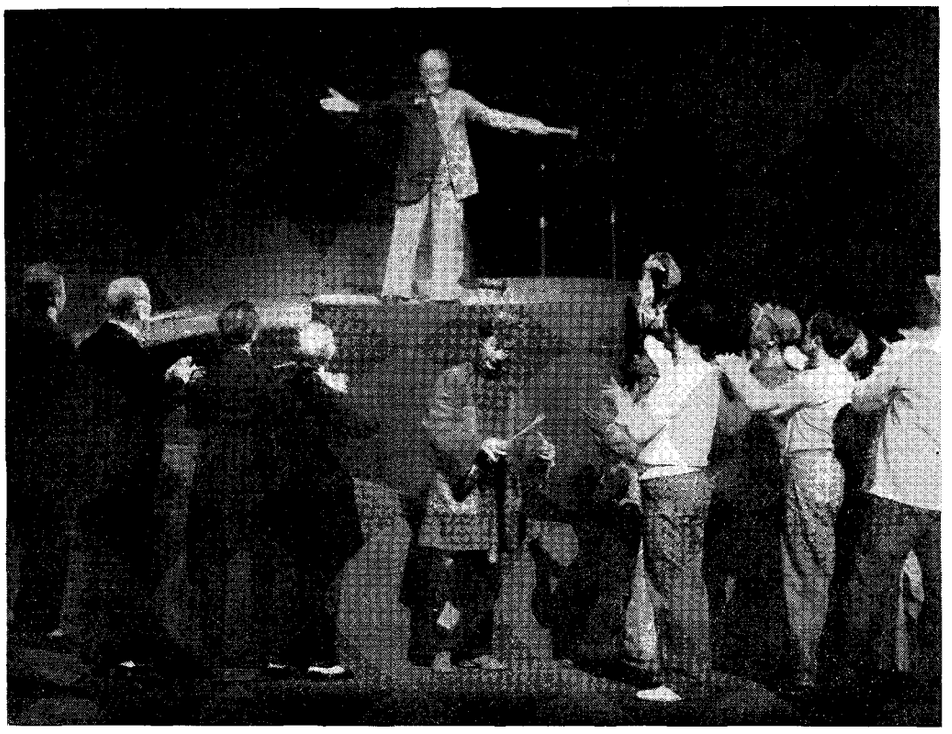
"Injunction Granted!"

THE new offering of the WPA Living Newspaper theater project in New York comes within spitting distance of being the greatest show on earth. Failing that, it is nevertheless a rousing three-ring circus which is grim, uproariously funny, and objectively documentary by turns (and sometimes all three at once) in its effort to give in ninety minutes the history of the American workers' struggle for bread and freedom. It is a show full of vitality, and everyone should see it. There are no two ways about that.

It has its faults, and on the opening night some of them were bad enough to stop the pulse of the boys and girls in the cheering section. Many of these faults, however, were the sort that arose from the intricate structure of the production, which meant that they could be (and no doubt by now have been) ironed out. Another fault was, alas, the final curtain scene, where the action on stage consisted merely of an effervescence of enthusiasm on the part of the actors for an idea already stated. But the audience was already enthusiastic about this idea, and therefore could not rise to the occasion. And so the curtain scene fizzled.

There was another more serious fault. The major dramatic conflict of the play—as its title indicates—was the struggle that arises between workers and the state power as a result of the primary struggle, between workers and their employers (a minor dramatic conflict in the play), for better conditions. Now for the play to be artistically integrated (which means, for the audience, that the major conflict is satisfactorily solved), some solution of the *political* question of the workers versus the state power had to be supplied. It wasn't. Instead, the final "answer" of the play was a pure-and-simple trade-unionism answer of the C.I.O. drive for powerful industrial unions in steel and elsewhere. But that was not an answer which solved the problem of the conflict—the *political* conflict—between the workers and the state power. Consequently the play did not fulfill its own demands.

Moreover, the impression was left that the necessary political answer was not given for reasons of WPA-project expediency. For example, when the New Jersey Workers Alliance was onstage in its occupation of the Jersey legislature, the Farmer-Labor Party consequences of that action, which figured prominently in the news dispatches of the real event, were not once referred to. Likewise, although the theme of the throttling of labor action by injunction ran all through the play, no answer to that question was given although workers have found in many cases their own telling answer in the form of the mass violation of injunctions. That has happened often and always dramatically. Yet it was not once referred to in the play, which therefore left the impression that there was no solution. The C.I.O. drive was not an answer to any but the sophisticated, and then only by a reading into the play of implications which were not hinted in the script. If these answers were omitted for the purpose of escaping charges of political "insurgency" against the project, they failed of their purpose at least so far as Mr. Brooks Atkinson, who is far from being a reactionary, was concerned. So it might have been better for *Injunction Granted!* to fulfill its own demands instead of ending up in the air.



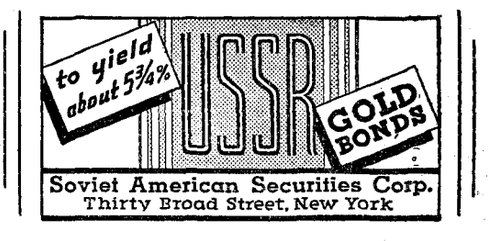
Scene from *Injunction Granted!* The Demagogue, dressed half in formal dress, half in dungarees, soft-soaps his audience

But let no one persuade you that seeing this third production of the project sponsored by the Newspaper Guild of New York is a bad way to spend an evening. You'll get your money's worth ten times over. The chief trouble you'll have is keeping pace with its varying tempo and its quick changes of mood. Like a Marx brothers movie, it must be seen twice to be appreciated. The production is rich in a grand variety of stunts, which carry suggestions of the Greek chorus, burlesque, the *March of Time*, Symbolism, the miracle plays, and Charlie Chaplin. There's a gentleman named Norman Lloyd who plays a combination Launcelot-Gobbo-Puck-Harpo-Marx role so amusingly that he comes a little too close for comfort to stealing the show. There's a skit on Hearst that had them rolling in the aisles. And you'll be surprised, when you see it, how much you didn't know about American labor history.

It is a propaganda play, but this business of propaganda, I'm afraid, can be overdone. Apparently it has had an unfortunate effect on at least one member of the cast, who plays an industrialist, an employer, and several other reactionary roles, in the course of which he delivers himself of a great many anti-labor speeches. It seems to have gone to his head, for he was discovered on a subway platform fifteen minutes after closing curtain, deeply engrossed in the New York *American*.

ALEXANDER TAYLOR.

Readers of the NEW MASSES learned with gratification this week that Paramount Pictures, which had been planning a movie glorifying the Pinkertons, America's most notorious labor-spy agents, has given up the plan as a result of pressure from the labor movement. It will be recalled that David Platt sent a dispatch from Hollywood which was printed in our July 14 issue, calling for protests to get Paramount to drop the film. But we understand Warner Bros. is planning one on the same theme. Send your protests to Warner Bros., Hollywood, Cal.



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Between Ourselves

JOHN L. SPIVAK, who has just returned from Cuba to write a series of articles for the NEW MASSES which will begin next week, tells some amusing yarns about his travels in the Cuban hinterland. During one trek he spent four days on horseback, which was something of a trial, as he had never been astride a horse before in his life. The stress and strain on his anatomy, however, had its compensations. One night his pilot, the mayor of a village in the interior, slightly exhilarated by the wine of the country, started out on horseback to retrace the muddy jungle trail which he and Spivak had traversed that afternoon. Willy-nilly, our newshawk had to follow. The native mayor rode briskly ahead, regardless of the murk and the mudholes. Presently he outdistanced Spivak and disappeared into the darkness. Spurring his mount, our reporter tried to overtake him, but to no avail. Knowing little of the countryside, Spivak decided to give his horse his head, trusting that he would know the trail. Presently the animal veered sharply off the path, to his rider's consternation. But the nag was right, after all. There was the mayor, the old practical joker, hiding in a thicket. Praising Spivak's uncanny observation, the mayor rode ahead again, and again played his trick, with the same results. When they arrived at their destination the next morning, the mayor spread the story far and wide about how Spivak always got his man. So that reputation we know so well has got a proper start in Cuba.

Archibald MacLeish's interpretation of Gorky was given in the form of an address by him at the memorial meeting held July 23 under the auspices of the League of American Writers, *Soviet Russia Today,* and the NEW MASSES.

H. L. Stone works for one of the important Hearst newspapers. Readers who wish to add to his Hearst dictionary may address him in care of this magazine.

Lev Yaskin, the second instalment of whose travel letters to his wife appears in this issue, is an American merchant of Russian birth who returned to his homeland this spring for the first time in nineteen years.

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